

ROScoe MOSCOON

WHO KILLED

IT HAD BEEN SOME
PARTY, BUT NOW
ROCK 'N' ROLL WUZ
DEAD.. BUTCHERED
BY ONE O' HIS GUESTS!

SOMEBODY HAD TO
FIND THE KILLER..
BEFORE THE KILLER
FOUND THEM! IT WUZ
DO OR DIE, BUDDY!!

ROCK 'N' ROLL?

ROSCOE OF MOSCOW



DICK! IT'S PRIVATE
DICK! NOT DUCK!!

A MAN! A GUN!
CRUEL AND
UNUSUAL....

WHO KILLED ROCK & ROLL?

PART ONE!

"THE CORPSE WORE LEATHER!!"

IT WAS LATE. TOO LATE. I WAS
IN MY OFFICE, STACKIN' UP THE
Z'S WHEN THE PHONE RANG...



AT THE STIFF SHOP I GLANCED
AT ROCKY'S MORTAL REMAINS...
FRANKLY, I'D SEEN HIM IN
BETTER CONDITION...



I NODDED. IT ALL TIED
IN... BUT SOMETHING—
CALL IT A HUNCH, CALL
IT A PREMONITION—
TOLD ME IT WASN'T
AS EASY AS THAT...



I PUT ON MY HAT... I WAS
ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN I
NOTICED SOMETHING... A
WRISTWATCH, CLUTCHED IN
ROCKY'S DECEASED DIGITS!!
ON AN IMPULSE,
I SLIPPED IT INTO
MY POCKET...



TO BE CONTINUED...



ROCK 'N' ROLL WAS DEAD,
A MYSTERIOUS WRIST-
WATCH CLUTCHED IN
HIS MORTIFIED MITT!!
BUT THIS WAS NO FIVE
AND DIME ORDINARY WRISTWATCH!!
IT LOOKED...I DUNNO....FUNNY....

CRIMESTOPPER'S TEXTBOOK.



A COLLEGE PROFESSOR I AIN'T,
BUT I SURE KNEW FRENCH WHEN
I SAW IT!! HMM..SO I WAS LOOK-
ING FOR A HOMICIDAL FRENCH-
MAN!! ONLY ONE PERSON FITTED
THAT DESCRIPTION....



...I STEPPED INSIDE!



...AH GO NUMBAIR TWO IN THE
BIDET OF FEMINISM!! 'OW ARE
YOU SAYING, MAH FAHN, FEATH-
ERED FREHN'?? HAI!!



GET UP!! GET UP,
YOU COWARD!!



A WRISTWATCH? A GERMAN
WRISTWATCH? SO!! A WRISTWATCH
SALESMAN!!! AH DESPAHSE LES
WRISTWATCH SALESMEN!!!



...HOWEVAIR, WHILE YOU ARE
HERE, AH WILL PLAY YOU MAH
NEW GRAMOPHONE RECODING...



ROZCOE MOΣCOW



**SLEEP!! IT'S THE
BIG SLEEP!! NOT
THE BIG SHEEP!!
AIN'T THAT RIGHT,
ROCHESTER??
SURE AS SHIT, BOSS!**

"WHO KILLED ROCK-N-ROLL?"

3: "THE BIG SHEEP!!"

A MIND ON THE SKIDS!

ROCK N' ROLL WAS DEAD, AND I WAS-N'T FEELING SO GOOD MYSELF!! I'D BEEN KAYOED BY A CRAZED CONTINENTAL, AND FELT MYSELF SLIDING OFF THE EDGE OF THE BOARDGAME. MY IDEA OF A VACATION IT WASN'T....



..I WAS TRAVELLING FIRST CLASS ON THE CONCUSSION EXPRESS..
"MOTHER OF GOD!" I MOANED, "IS THIS THE END OF ROSCOE?"



"...MY LIFE FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES. I WANTED TO THROW UP. I THOUGHT ABOUT MY MOTHER..."

WHAT HAVE YOU
GOT IN YOUR
HAND, ROSCOE
MOSCOW??



A vertical comic strip consisting of three panels. Each panel features a man with a wide-eyed, shocked expression, his mouth open as if screaming. He is set against a background of dark, wavy lines and numerous small white stars. The top panel contains the text "MY VERTICAL HOLD WAS ON THE FRITZ..! HEARD MUSIC..." in a bold, sans-serif font. The bottom panel also contains the same text. The entire strip is framed by a thick black border.

...THERE WAS A PARTY GOING ON, AND
ALL MY BOYHOOD HEROES WERE THERE!
CISCO KID! ALVIN AND THE CHIPMUNKS!!
BERT CERT! SABU THE JUNGLE BOY!!
ISSY BONN!..A-AND BOGEY!!!...I ~~CHOKE~~
MUST HAVE GOT SOMETHIN' IN MY EYE..



I FIGURED EVERYTHING WAS JUST
JAKE, BUT SUDDENLY BOGART
STARTS HITTIN' ME WITH A DEAD
FISH, AND IT ALL GOT A LITTLE
VAGUE!! WAS IT A JOKE?? OR
WAS I DRIFTING BACK TO...



**..CONCIOUSNESS!! A PLATOON
OF MARINES WERE EXECUTIN'
COMBAT MANOEUVRES IN MY
SKULL!! MAXINE, MY LUSCIOUS
SECRETARY, WAS COOING MAT-
-ERNALLY INTO MY SHELL-LIKES!!**



"OH ROSCOE!" SHE BREATHED,
"ARE YOU HURT? IF ANYTHING
HAPPENED TO YOU, I... I SHOULD
JUST DIE!" "I'M FINE, DOLL," I
GRUNTED. "DON'T SWEAT IT!!"



..SUDDENLY I REMEMBERED
ROCKY'S MURDER AND THE
MYSTERIOUS GERMAN WRIST-
WATCH, MY ONLY CLUE!! I
DECIDED TO VISIT BERLIN....



"DAMES!!" I GROWLED,
"YA CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM,
AND YA CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT
'EM!!" TURNING, I STALKED
OFF INTO A NIGHT AS BLACK
AS RAPIDOGRAPH INK....

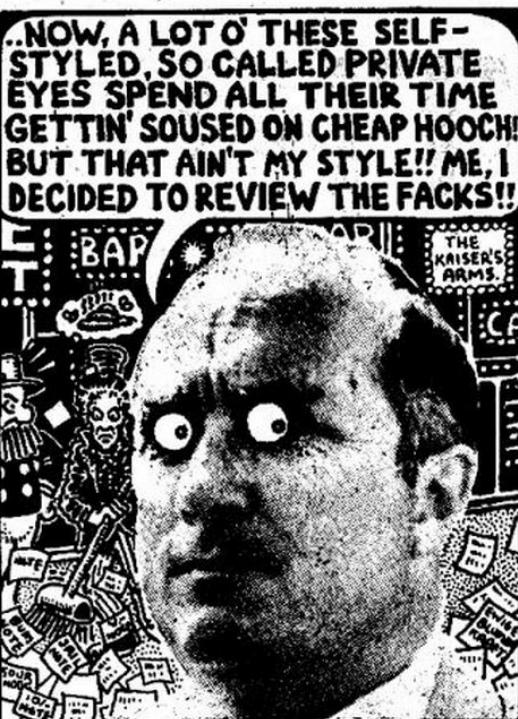
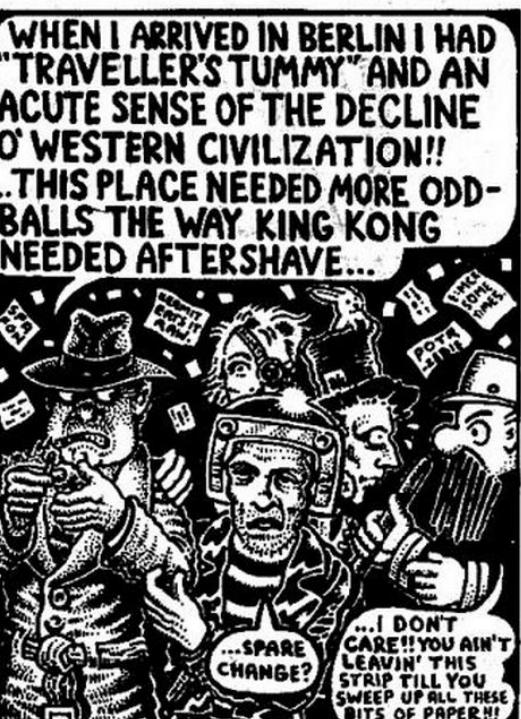


**..TO BE
CONTINUED..**

© CURT
VILE
© 1979

"WHO KILLED ROCK-N-ROLL?"

4: THE PARANOID ABROAD!!



ROScoe MOSCOW'S

ALLURING AND
VIVACIOUS
YOUNG WIFE.
THE ADORABLE

Maxine



...CHEE, THIS IS MY
FIRST COMIC STRIP
Y'KNOW....PLEASE
BE GENTLE...

SHE STANDS
BY HER MAN!

WHO KILLED ROCK & ROLL?

5: ENTER THE FOETAL FREUDIAN!

BERLIN WAS SLIGHTLY MORE FUN THAN BEING EATEN ALIVE BY TIGER ANTS. I HIT TOWN, THE BOTTLE AND THE PITS, ROUGHLY IN THAT ORDER..WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW WUZ THAT BACK HOME, MAXINE, MY SCATTERBRAINED SEXPOT SECRETARY WAS CHEWIN' THE FAT WITH DR.ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE, THE WORLD FAMOUS DEFORMED PSYCHOLOGIST....



...AND THE FAT IN QUESTION WAS ME!!

SO, LIKE, NOW ROSCOE THINKS THAT HE'S A PRIVATE EYE. AN' HE THINKS THAT, LIKE, I'M HIS SECRETARY, AND HE'S TAKEN ALL THE MONEY OUT OF OUR JOINT BANK ACCOUNT AND HE'S JUST SORT OF, ER, GONE TO BERLIN, Y'KNOW, AND... AND... OH, DR.VON ZYGOTE.. WADDAMI GONNA DO?? HE'S SUCH A MESSED-UP JERK....



COME COME, MRS. MOSCOW!! WHILE YOUR HUSBAND IS CERTAINLY WHAT WE DOCTORS TERM A "QUIVERING SICKO", IT MAY NOT BE A CAUSE FOR REAL CONCERN...WHAT IS FAR MORE WORRYING IS THE POSSIBILITY OF MR. MOSCOW'S OLD DRINK PROBLEM REAPPEARING...



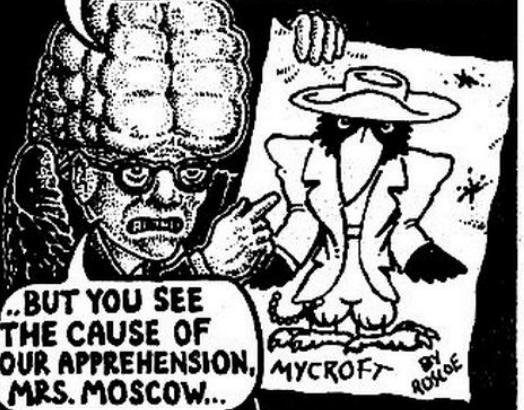
...I THINK SO DOCTOR...BUT, LIKE, EVERY TIME I ASK HIM ABOUT HIS DRINK PROBLEM HE JUST SAYS "I DRINK, I FALL OVER. NO PROBLEM!!" Y'KNOW, DOC, SOMETIMES HE CAN BE A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS...



QUOTE SO. BUT FROM STUDYING YOUR HUSBAND'S FILE, I'VE FOUND EVIDENCE OF SERIOUS ALCOHOL INDUCED DELUSIONS...



FOR INSTANCE, MR. MOSCOW EXECUTED THIS DRAWING DURING HIS LAST STAY AT "SUNNYVUE"...IT SHOWS "MYCROFT", A SIX-FOOT TALL CROW WEARING A ZOOT SUIT. "MYCROFT" WOULD APPEAR WHENEVER YOUR HUSBAND DRANK TOO MUCH...WHEN THE DRINKING STOPPED, "MYCROFT" VANISHED...HOPEFULLY FOREVER....



SHOULD YOUR HUSBAND HAVE EVEN ONE DRINK, IT COULD TRIGGER OFF A PSYCHOTIC EPISODE WITH HIDEOUSLY TRAUMATIC REPERCUSSIONS!!!

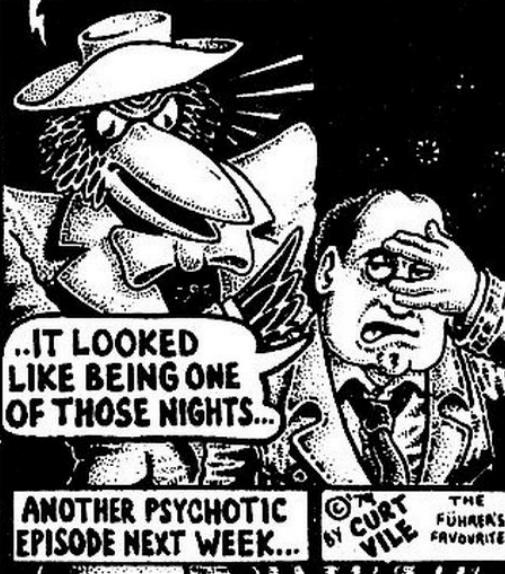


MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE BER-LIN BIERKELLER I'D JUST KILLED MY EIGHTH SCHTRAIGHT SCHNAPPS AND MORTALLY WOUNDED MY NINTH, WHEN SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR VOICE BUZZSAWED INTO MY SKULL...



ROScoe!! YOU OLD SON OF A BITCH!! HOW'YA DOIN'???

LONG TIME NO SEE, EH, BUDDY?? KARK! KARK!.. SAY, LE'S GET US A LITTLE DRINKY.. KARK! KAAAARRK!!



ANOTHER PSYCHOTIC EPISODE NEXT WEEK...
© CURT VILE THE FUHRER'S FAVOURITE.

R 1 O 1 S 1 C 3 O 1 E 1
M 3 O 1 C 3 O 1 W 4



...FRANKLY, I'D RATHER HAVE A FRONTAL LOBOTOMY!
THE SLEUTH WITH COUTH!

WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?

6: LUSHED FOR LIFE!!

..IT WAS NIGHT. JUST LIKE ANY OTHER NIGHT... HOT ON THE SCENT OF ROCK N' ROLL'S KILLER, I WAS PURSUING MY INVESTIGATIONS IN THE BIERKELLERS OF BERLIN. MY ONLY COMPANION WAS A SIX-FOOT CROW WEARING A ZOOT SUIT CALLED MYCROFT....



..SAY, ROSCOE.. DIS SURE TAKES YA BACK, HUH? D'YA REMEMBER DAT TIME YA DISPLAYED YEZ BARE HAMS TA THAT WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEETIN' BACK IN '58?? KARK! KARK! KARRRK!



HAW HAW!! YER FUGGIN' 'A' I DO!! HAW HAW HAW!! DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN I PROPOSED TO VELMA SCHWARZ, AN' YOU MADE ME LAUGH SO HARD THAT I THREW UP OVER HER MOTHER'S CHOW BITCH?? HAW HAW HAW HAW!!!



KARK! KARK! KARRRK!! VELMA SCHWARZ! KARK! KARK! JEEZUS! SHE MUSTA BEEN THE UGLIEST WOMAN IN THE WHOLE GODDAMM WORLD!! KARK! KARK!!



"NOBODY BADMOUTH MY MAMA, YOU COOTY-ASSED SON OF A BITCH."
? ...I ROARED...



..SAY, ROSCOE. WAIT A MINUTE!! I WUZ ONLY—
CRASH!! WHURP!!!
MY MOTHER WUZ A GOOD WOMAN!!



..EVERYTHING..
AAAAA AAAA
SMASH

WELLAH WELLAH!! LOOKY HERE!! NOW, JUST WHO IS THIS CHARACTER? I MEAN, JUST WHAT IS THIS GUY ALL ABOUT??
ENTER A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.
...THAT I AM TODAY...

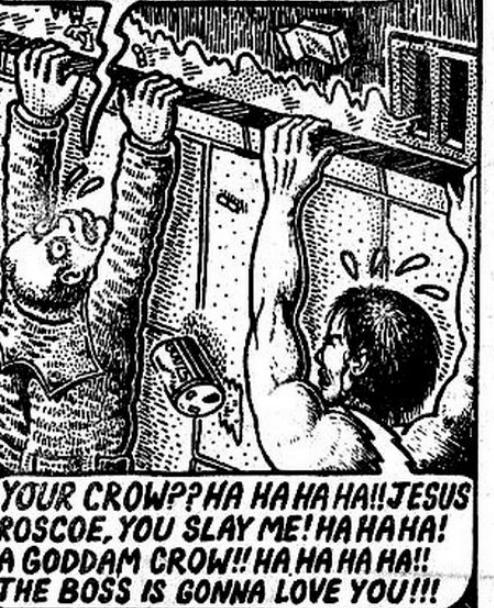
..LISTEN FELLA, I'M WIGGY PULP, THE LIVING LEGEND, AND I LIKE YOU! YOU'RE REAL! YOU'RE DESPERATE! C'MON...WE GONNA HAVE US A FUN TIME!!
..SURE, PAL... SAME THING MUHSELF....I SLURRED...
CONTINUED...

ROSCOE MOSCOW

..IT HAD STARTED OUT AS THE KIND OF BAR-ROOM BRAWL WITH A GIGANTIC ZOOT-SUITED IMAGINARY CROW THAT ANYBODY COULD'VE GOT INVOLVED IN...BUT THEN WIGGY PULP, THE CELEBRATED 'FAST CHARACTER' ARRIVED, AND THINGS GOT PLAIN RIDICULOUS....



..HEY, WIGGY!" I WHINED, "WHERE ARE WE GOING??..AND WHUTHUHFUH HAPPENED TO MY CROW???"



I'M IN WITH THE IN-CROWD DADDIO!! LET'S 'DIG' SOME BIRD!
HE'S THE SWEETHEART OF THE AVANT GARDE!!

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

7:TERROR OF THE TACTLESS 'TEC!!

Y'SEE, ROSCOE, ME AND YOU IS TWO OF A KIND...WE BOTH UNDERSTAND THAT ONLY IN THE DEPTHS OF PAIN, MADNESS AND SELF DEGRADATION IS TRUE LIBERATION POSSIBLE...



..SURE WE DO!! THAT'S WHY WE SOMETIMES GOTTA SHOW THE WORLD THE SICKNESS IN IT'S SOUL BY STICKIN' OURSELF IN THE EYE WITH A BROKEN BOTTLE...



..IF GENIUS IS PAIN, THEN THIS GEEK MADE EINSTEIN LOOK LIKE A PIKER! BY THE TIME WE REACHED OUR DESTINATION, TWO HOURS LATER, HE WAS MISSING THREE TOES, ONE EAR-LOBE AND HIS APPENDIX...BUT MAYBE NOW I'D DISCOVER THE IDENTITY OF THE MYSTERIOUS 'BOSS' THAT WIGGY HAD REFERRED TO....



IT WAS A HIGH SOCIETY JOINT... THE HIGHEST!! CALLING THIS PLACE 'MODERN' WUZ LIKE CALLIN' JACK THE RIPPER AN ECCENTRIC...AND FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS WE WUZ ARRIVIN' IN MIDDLE OF A....



..PARTY! EVERYBODY WHO WUZ ANYBODY WUZ THERE...THEN SUDDENLY WIGGY STOPPED TRYING TO BITE HIS OWN NOSE OFF AND YELLED:



WIGGY, YOU DEAR SWEET, MIXED UP CHILD! IT'S BEEN AGES! AND..OH MY!! YOU'VE BROUGHT HOME ANOTHER OF YOUR QUAIN FRIENDS!



..SO CHARMING, MR. MOSCOW TO MEET SUCH AN EARTHY, COLOURFUL CHARACTER! I'M SURE WE'LL GET ON FAMOUSLY...



..I HAD TO CHOOSE MY WORDS CAREFULLY, TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION! "WE'LL GET ALONG JUST FINE, BUDDY," I SNARLED, "AS LONG AS YA CAN KEEP YA HANDS OFFA MY OL' BEEF BAZOOKA!!"



ROSCOE MOSCOW

"WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?"
PART EIGHT: SEND IN THE
CLONES!!

..THE HUNT FOR ROCK 'N' ROLL'S KILLER HAD LED ME TO BERLIN AND THE MANSION OF DAVID BOKO. DOWNSTAIRS, AT THE PARTY, THEY WUZ STILL KICKING THE GONG AROUND. UPSTAIRS, I SEARCHED FURTIVELY FOR CLUES.. COULD IT ALL BE A HOMMA-SECKSHUL CONSPIRACY??



..I AIN'T SAYIN' THIS PLACE WUZ CREEPY, BUT IT MADE THE 'INNER SANCTUM' LOOK LIKE THE GLEE CLUB... INVESTIGATIN' AN UNLOCKED DOOR I FOUND MYSELF IN SOME KINDA LIBRARY. NOW ME, I ALLUS SEZ YA CAN TELL A FAGOLA BY THE BOOKS HE READS... THERE WUZN'T ONE HAROLD ROBBINS IN THA WHOLE BUNCH....



..SUDDENLY, A HAND LIKE A DEAD SQUID LANDED ON MY SHOULDER!! I REACTED WITH HAIR-TRIGGER SWIFTNESS...

EEEEEEK!
...I SQUEELED...



..LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, MR. MOSCOW?

"NOTHIN' YOU CAN PRO-VIDE, BUDDY BOY!!" I SNARLED, PUSHING PAST HIM INTO THE CORRIDOR...



..FUNNY THOUGH, HE LOOKED KINDA DIFFERENT FROM THE WAY HE HAD DOWNSTAIRS... MUSTA BIN A TRICK O' THE LIGHT.

MY STEEL TRAP MIND WAS WEIGHING THA FACKS WHEN SUDDENLY I ROUNDED A CORNER AND



MR. MOSCOW! HOW CHARMING TO RUN INTO YOU!

"UP YOURS, WEIRDOS!!" I QUIPPED URBANELY, AS MY FEETS DID THEY STUFF!! THIS FREAKO-PERVO-SICKO GOT AROUND FASTER THAN CLAP AT A BIKER RALLY, AN' IT WUZ GETTIN' ME RATTLED!! BUT I WUZ HEP TO LOVERBOY'S LITTLE GAME.. THE IDEA WUZ TO DIS-ORIENTALATE ME TILL I DROPPED MY GUARD, AND THEN WHAMMO!! -HE SLIPS ME THE OL' STEAK SUPPOSITORY....



..BUT ROSCOE MOSCOW IS NOBODY'S PATSY, AN' IF THIS SQUIFFY-EYED FRUIT-CAKE THOUGHT HE COULD...
GAAHHHH!!!

JUST WHAT IN HELL WUZ GOIN' ON? HOW WUZ THIS JOKER MOVIN' SO FAST? I DUCKED INTO AN UNLIT ROOM AND LOCKED THE DOOR.. "AT LAST!" I BREATHED, "ALONE!"



..WRONG AGAIN,
ROSCOE MOSCOW!!



..IT WAS A BAD SITUATION -THE WORST!! THERE WUZ ONLY ONE THING TO DO.. SUMMONIN' EVERY LAST RESERVE O' COURAGE AN' DETERMINATION AT MY COMMAND, I FAINTED!



TO BE CONTINUED...
© 1987
THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

A ROSCOE MOSCOW Thriller.

MAY

Weird Tales

25¢

...ASK ME, KINDA
GUY WRITES DIS
SORTA JUNK, HE
GOTTA BE "ON THE
STUFF," KNOW
WHADDI MEAN?

"WILLO KILLER,
WIGGY PULP,
BLOW YOUR MINDS!"
PART NINE: "...BUT HE THINKS HE'D
BLOW OUR MINDS!"

..I REMEMBERED A BRAIN-BLISTERING GLIMPSE OF NINE DOZEN XEROXED DAVID BOKOS (AND BELIEVE ME, ONE WUZ TOO MANY!) BEFORE THE LIGHT WENT OUT!! NOW I WUZ BEING REVIVED BY WIGGY PULP, BOY AUTO DESTRUCT ARTIST, AN' SUM HI-BROW BIZARRO I NEVER SEEN BEFORE!! I'D HEARD OF ABSURDITY...



WELCOME BACK, ROSCOE....
AHH... I GUESS DA SIGHT O' THA
BOSS IN HIS MULTIPLICITY
JUST ABOUT DAMPED YA DIODES,
HUH? OH, BY THE WAY, THIS IS
"BRAIN ONE" HE'S DA CHIEF'S
AHH.. "TECHNICAL ADVISOR"...



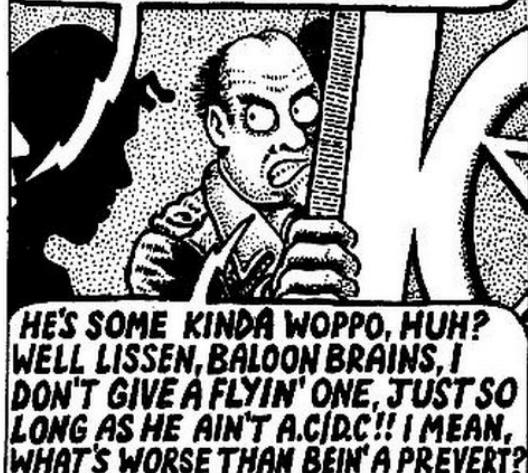
"CUT THE POOPADOODLE, YA
CREEPOS!!" I GROWLED... "I WANT
ANSWERS... AN' FAST!! WHAT'S
WITH THE LEGION O' LIMP-
WRISTED LOOKALIKES, HUH??
WHICH IS THA REAL DAVID BOKO??



NO..YA SEE, THE REAL DAVID BOKO AIN'T GOT THE NECESSARY... UHH... "TEEN APPEAL" FOR A BIG CHART KILLING, SO HE HIRES ALL DESE DOPPLEGANGERS, ONE TA CUT DA NEW ALBUM, ONE TA MAKE THA FILM, ONE DOIN' THE TOUR 'AN' SO ON... BUT LISSEN'... THE REAL BOSS IS JUST THROUGH THAT DOOR... WHY NOT ASK HIM YASELF? OH, AN' THERE'S NO SWEAT..HE AIN'T REALLY BISEXUAL...



...ALTHOUGH, PERHAPS WE SHOULD
WARN YOU THAT MR. BOKO, COMING
AS HE DOES FROM A SOMEWHAT...
EERR... EXOTIC ETHNIC BACKGROUND
MAY SOMETIMES ELICIT A RESPONSE
OF PROFOUND DISORIENTATION
FROM THE INTERVIEWEE....



©'79 BY CURT "BITE MY CRANK" VILE.



BIZARRE
SCIENCE FICTION
TRUE DETECTIVE
HIDEOUS MURDER
COMICS WEEKLY
PRESENTS

ROS COE MOSCOW

...I FIGGERED I'D HAD IT ROUGH...
WHEN I STARTED MY MAN-HUNT
FER ROCKY'S KILLER I'D OPENED
A CAN O' WORMS!! BUT DAVID
BOKO HAD IT WORSE...



DON'T SAY A WORD, MR MOSCOW.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...
"WHAT'S A NICE EXTRATERRESTRIAL SLIME-MONSTER LIKE ME
DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?"



..IT WAS BACK ON MY HOME
WORLD IN THE TAU CETI SYSTEM.
I USED TO BE A BIG STAR,
WORSHIPPED BY BILLIONS...



..ALL MY RECORDS WENT
"PLUTONIUM" INSTANTLY...
MY SONGS WERE ON EVERYONE'S
NOISE FLAPS...THE CRITICS
ADORED ME...



..BUT INEVITABLY THE BUBBLE
HAD TO BURST, AND ONE DAY...



..AND SO, LIKE SO MANY
TAU CETIAN TAX EXILES
BEFORE ME, I HIT THE TRAIL
OF TEARS LEADING TO EARTH...



..THE REST YOU KNOW..ONCE
HERE I HIRED WIGGY PULP AND
"BRAIN ONE" TO LOOK AFTER
ME, AND THE HORDE OF
IDENTICAL "DAVID BOKOS"
TO PERFORM MY SONGS...



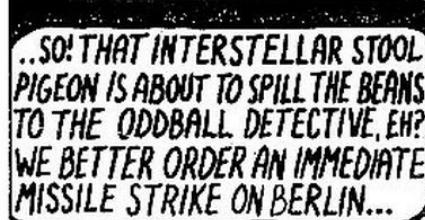
"LISTEN, BUSTER," I SNARLED
"DON'T THINK I'M FOOLED BY
THE HALLOWEEN COSTUME FER
A MINNIT!! ALL I WANT IS SOME
INFORMATION..LIKE MAYBE
WHO OWNS THIS MYSTERIOUS
GERMAN WRISTWATCH!!"



HMM..THE CHRONOMETER
DOES SEEM FAMILIAR...
PERHAPS IF YOU COULD
WAIT IN THE NEXT ROOM
WITH MY TWO HENCHMEN I
MAY RECALL SOMETHING...

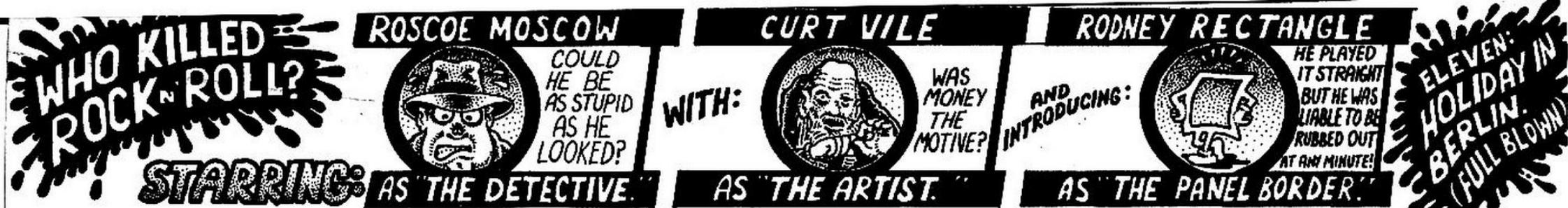


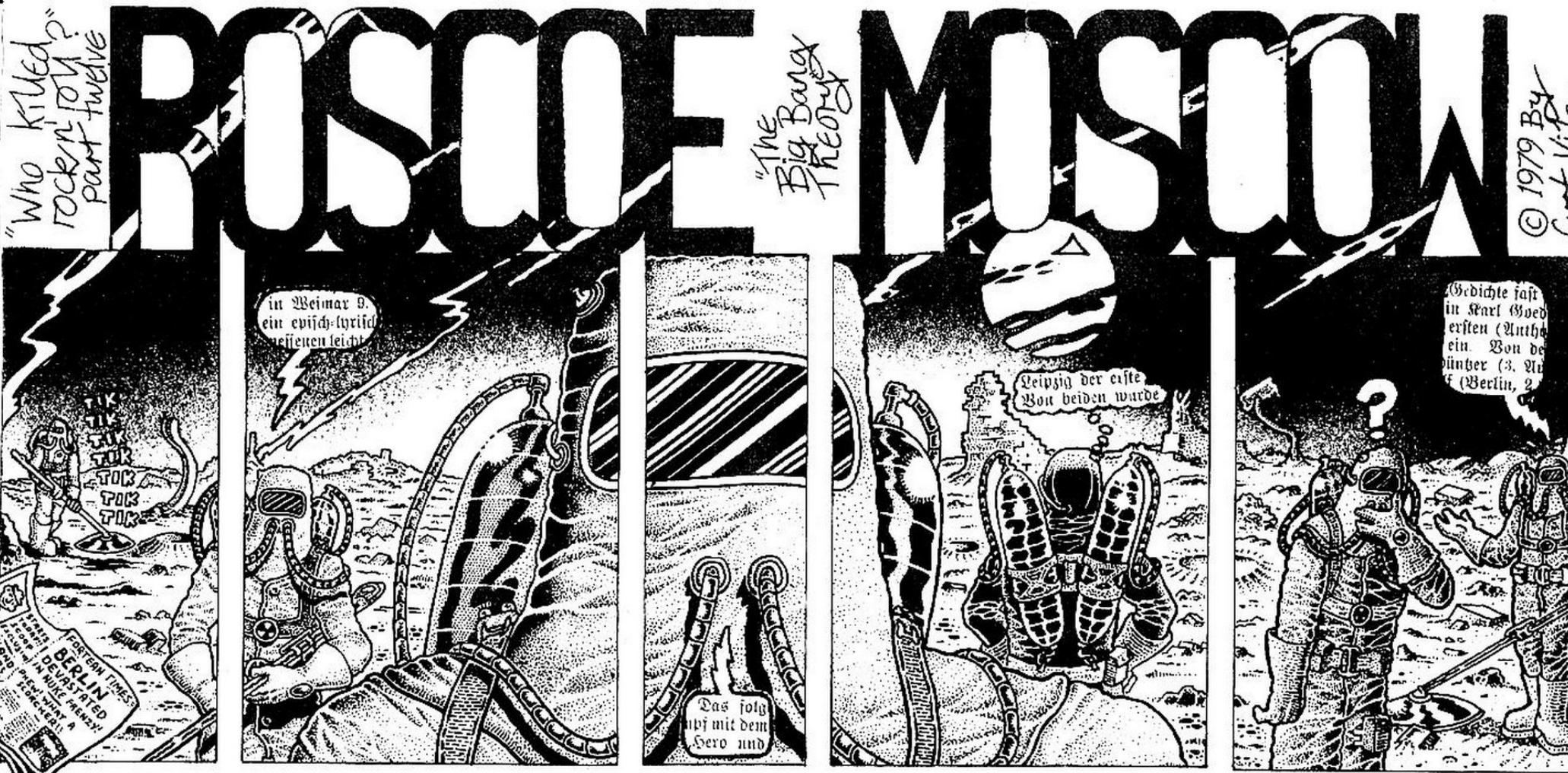
..HOWEVER, IN A SECRET HIDEOUT
MANY MILES DISTANT...

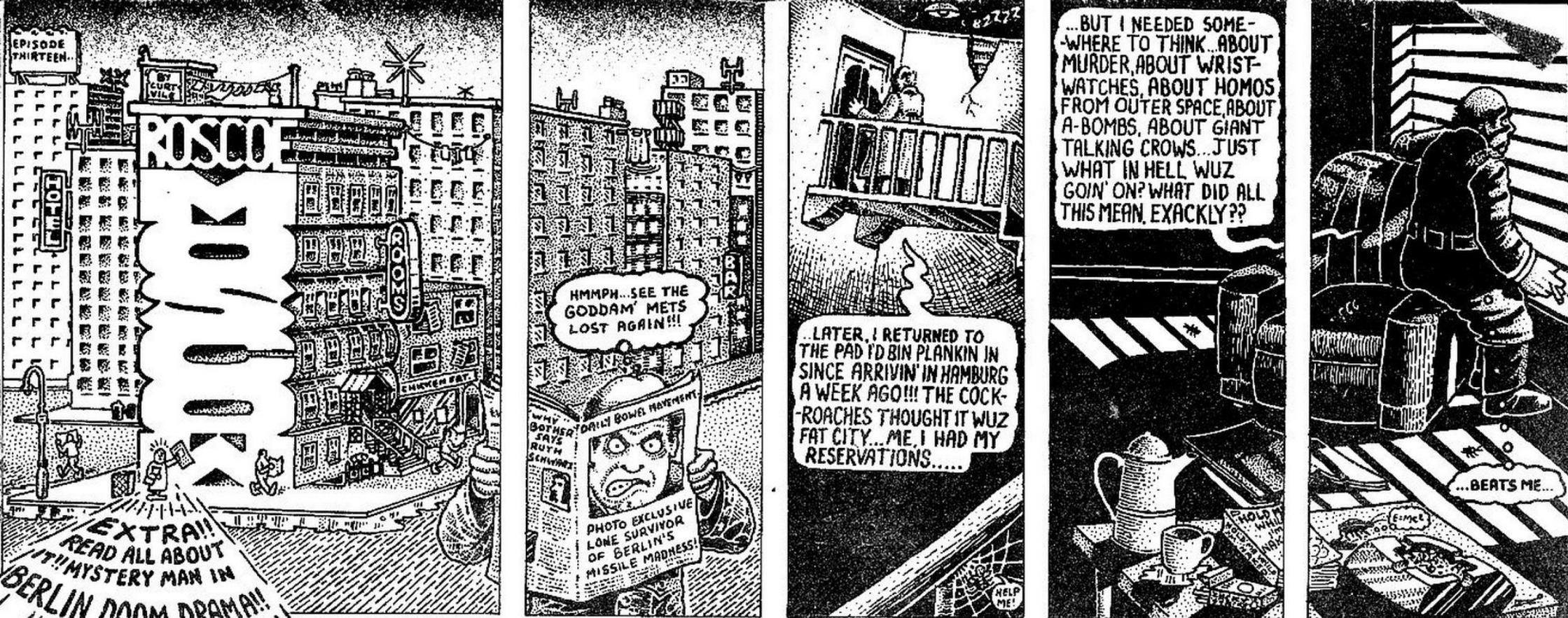


WHO
KILLED
ROCK-ROLL?
EPISODE
TEN:
"I WAS ON FIRST
NAME TERMS
WITH A MONSTER
OUTER SPACE!"

© '79 BY
CURT VILE
THE WORLD'S BEST
FORGOTTEN BOY.









IT WUZ 90° IN THE SHADE,
BUT MY BLOOD RAN COLDER
THAN A SIX-PACK OF BUD AS
I LOOKED INTO THA FACE O'
THE TERRIBLE FIGURE COMING
OUTTA MY CLOSET AND RECOG-
NISED IT AS BELONGIN' TO.....

GURLS! FOR MORE
EXCITING UNDERR-
WEAR SHOTS OF
ROSCOE MOSCOW,
WRITE TO CURT VILE
C/O 'SOUNDS'.



HEH HEH!! BETCHA RILLY
SURPRISED TO SEE ME.
HUH? BUDDY, HAVE I GOT A
STORY TO TELL YOU! WHY
DONCHA GET DRESSED, AN'
THEN I CAN GIVE YA THA
WHOLE SCAM WHILE WE
GET MELLOW...

A CAVITY!!
REMEMBER-
BRUSH OR
FLOSS YOUR
TEETH AFTER
EVERY MEAL!

"...OVER A DRINK..."

..SO THERE I WAS, STUCK IN THE
ACID BATH WITH TWO DOZEN PAIN-
CRAZED PIRHASAS AN' A THOUSAND
VOLT CABLE, WIT' THA MISSILES
DIVIN' TOWARD ME: EEEYOWW!!



"...BY A FREAK BILLION-
TO-ONE ACCIDENT, THE
SHORTED 1000 V. CABLE
CREATED A POWERFUL
ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD..."



"..DEFLECTIN' THE MISSILES
AN' PROTECTIN' ME FROM
THE SUBSEQUENT BLAST!!!
PRETTY LUCKY, HUH???"

"NO SUCH LUCK FER THE
PIRHASAS!! THEY ALL CROAKED
DUE TO THE TOXIC EFFECTS
OF THE ACID, AND IT'S A
CERT THAT I WOULD'A GONE
THE SAME WAY!! HOWEVER..."



THE EFFECT OF THE VAST
ELECTRICAL CURRENT, PLUS
THE UNPREDICTABLE RADIATION
WAS TO STRANGELY TRANS-
MUTE THE LETHAL ACID..."

"..CHANGIN' IT INTO A
COMPLETELY HARMLESS BUT
CURIOSLY RADIATION-RESISTIN'
SUBSTANCE WHICH SHIELDED
ME FROM THE FALL-OUT!!"



"...ISN'T THAT THE MOST
UNBELIEVABLE THING YOU EVER
HEARD?! BUT THAT'S NOT ALL!!
Y'SEE, ROSCOE....



"..I KNOW WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL !!!



"..MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE
ELSE ALTOGETHER..."

"HMM!! AMBROSE-GET A
MESSAGE TO OUR HAMBURG
OPERATIVE AND TELL HIM
THAT I WANT THOSE TWO
FRUITCAKES ICED
IMMEDIATELY!!!



CONTINUED...

HORROR IN HAMBURG!! WITH A SICK FEELIN' O'DREAD I RECOGNISED THE TERRIBLE FIGURE EMERGING FROM MY WARDROBE!! IT WUZ FUNNY, BUT ALL I COULD THINK OF WUZ MAXINE, FAITHFUL MAX-INE, THE BLONDE I'D LEFT BEHIND!! HOW WORRIED ABOUT ME SHED BE, HOW VULNERABLE...



"MOONLIGHT + MUNCHKINS!!"

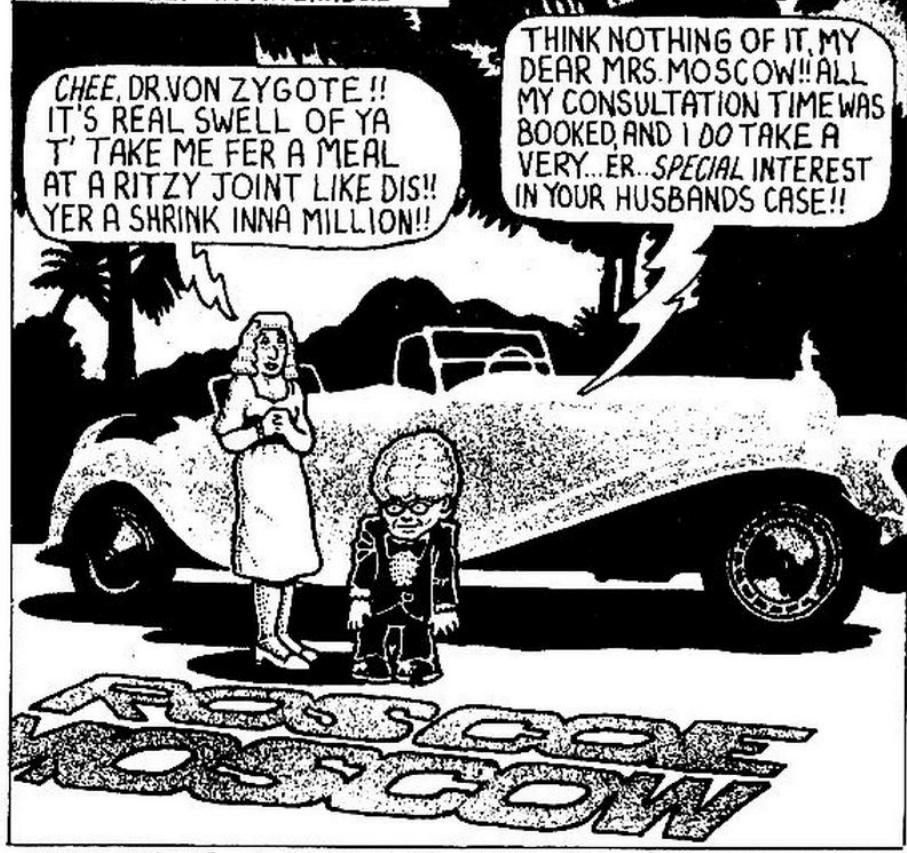
EVEN LATER...

CRIMINY, DOC!! YER A REAL PEACHY DANCER!! I SURE APPRECIATE A GUY WHO GOT PLENNY O' CULCHA! ROSCOE'S TANGO USE'TA BE RILLY BAD NEWS, IF YA TAKE MY MEANIN'!!



"HOW LONELY AND MISERABLE!!"

CHEE, DR.VON ZYGOTE!! IT'S REAL SWELL OF YA T' TAKE ME FER A MEAL AT A RITZY JOINT LIKE DIS!! YER A SHRINK INNA MILLION!!



THINK NOTHING OF IT, MY DEAR MRS. MOSCOW!! ALL MY CONSULTATION TIME WAS BOOKED, AND I DO TAKE A VERY...ER...SPECIAL INTEREST IN YOUR HUSBAND'S CASE!!

LATER, OVER DINNER...

AND SO, LIKE, WHEN I HEARD ABOUT THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION O' BERLIN, I THOUGHT "JEEZ, ROSCOE, YA REALLY SHOT YA WAD DIS TIME!! KNOW WHADDI MEAN?"



TSK TSK! IT MUST BE VERY TRYING FOR YOU!! DO HAVE SOME MORE OF THIS CHARMING WINE....

...LATER STILL....

AN' ALSO, LIKE, WHADDAMI SUPPOSED T'BE DOIN' WHILE ROSCOE'S SHOOTIN' ROUND THA WORLD GETTIN' BOMBS DROPPED ON HIM, HUH? I MEAN, I'M A YOUNG WOMAN DOC, Y'KNOW??

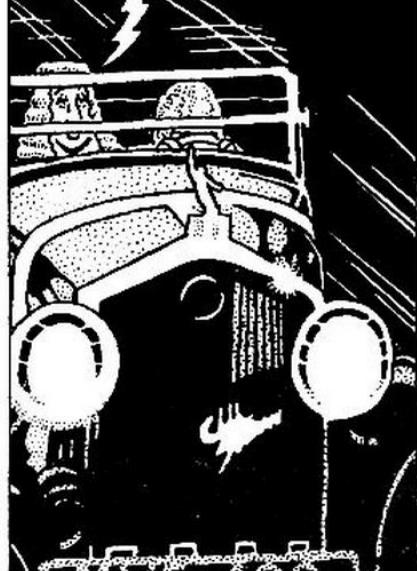


QUITE SO, MY DEAR, QUITE SO...HERE, ALLOW ME TO FURNISH YOU WITH A REFILL....

EPISODE 15 OF 'WHO KILLED ROCK N'ROLL' A CARTOON ROMANCE BY CURT "MR. SLOPPY OLD SENTIMENTALIST HIMSELF" VILE.

...THEREAFTER...

WHAT A SWELL NIGHT!! DOC, I GOTTA SAY THAT FER A LITTLE GUY, YOU GOT A HEART AS BIG AS ALL OUTDOORS, AN' I AIN'T JUST SAYIN' THAT...



...I MEAN, LIKE, ROSCOE AN' ME, WE'RE JUST PLAIN FOLK, Y'KNOW! AN' FER YOU T' GO OUTTA YER WAY T' HELP US LIKE THIS IS JUST SO GLITZY!! WHAT I MEAN DOC IS YER A REAL "GOOD SUMERIAN"!!



MRS. MOSCOW, I ASSURE YOU, YOUR CHARMING COMPANY IS AMPLE REWARD IN ITSELF! IT'S NOT OFTEN A HIDEOUSLY MISSHA-PEN DWARF SUCH AS I CAN ENJOY SUCH RADIANT COMPANIONSHIP...



MY! WHAT A SPLENDID VIEW!! LET US STOP THE CAR AND ADMIRE IT IN TRANQUILITY...

ZIGGY



TO BE CONFOUNDED.

"VILE-O-VISION
© 1979 PAT. PEND."



ROCK PARANOIDS: PLAY THE LAST PANEL OF THIS STRIP BACKWARDS AT 78 R.P.M. AND DISCOVER A SECRET MESSAGE TELLING YOU SOMETHING TO YOUR ADVANTAGE CONCERNING PAUL McCARTNEY AND JIM MORRISON!!!



ROSECOKE VIBROCOKE

WIGGY!! WILL YOU QUIT HORsing AROUND AND GIMME A STRAIGHT ANSWER, YOU ZANY???

"WHO KILLED ROCK'N'ROLL?"

...I SNAPPED...



"POISONED BY THE SINISTER GLOVES!"

PUKE-HOGS OF PERfidY!! THAT OVERWEIGHT OAF IS STILL ALIVE!! HE LEAVES ME NO CHOICE BUT TO DISPATCH MY "SUDDEN DEATH ARIEL COMMANDOS!!"



EPISODE
SEVENTEEN:

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

PHEE-HAW!! SAY! THIS ANNUAL EUROPEAN CYCLE TOUR IS THE BEST IDEA US "FREEWAY FUCK-DOGS" HAD YET!! WHATSAJ, LEROY?



NOT FAR AWAY...

THE VERDAMMT CRYPTO-FAS-CIST POLITZEI ARE GAINING ON US KARL!! CAN'T YOU MAKE THE CAR GO ANY FASTER???



MEANWHILE, I WUZ STILL TRYIN' TO GET SOME SENSE OUTTA WIGGY, BUT ALL HE KEPT SAYIN' WUZ "GIK GIK GIK" AN' SOMETHING THAT SOUNDED LIKE "KLUNKKLANK!" IT WUZ ALL RELATIVITY TO ME!! SUDDENLY...



"ICH BIN EIN HAMBURGER!"

UNLESS I CAN GET A BOOT-LEG TAPE OF HIS DYING BREATH!

C'MON, BWAH!! LET'S HEAR THAT OL' DYING BREATH...

"DAMES!" I GASPED. JUST WHEN YA THINK YA GOTTEM FIGGERED OUT..."



AND AS BELOW, SO ABOVE....

OKAY, YOU SUDDEN DEATH ARIEL COMMANDOS... THERE'S THE OBJECTIVE BELOW!! NOW, REMEMBER OUR ORDERS: "STRAIGHT IN THROUGH THE WINDOW AND ATOMISE ANYTHING THAT BREATHES!!"



WHILE INSIDE THE HAPLESS HOSTELRY....

Y'KNOW, MYCROFT, 'OL BUDDY. SOMETIMES, WHEN THINGS GET BEYOND A JOKE, I UNNERSTAND HOW SOME GUYS JUST LOSE THEIR GRIP AND RETREAT INTA A FANTASY WORLD... KNOW WHADDI MEAN???



NOT WITH TEN KILOS OF WARM GELIGITITE AND TWO DEAD INDUSTRIALISTS IN THE BOOT I CAN'T!! WE MUST STOP AT THAT BEIRKELLER UP AHEAD AND SHOOT IT OUT IN A GLORIOUS FINAL STAND!! LONG LIVE THE PINK MILITARY FACTION!!

PINK MILITARY FACTION GUERRILLAS
CRYPTO-FAS-CIST POLITZEI

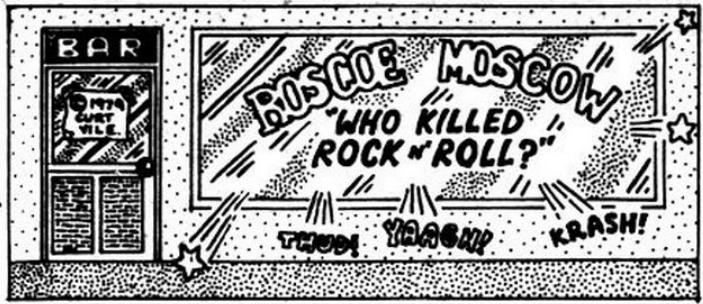
CONTINUED... ©'79 BY CURT

APPROVED
BY THE
THREE
LEGGED
TOAD

CABAL.

WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?
EPISODE EIGHTEEN: "FRY THE
KRAUTS ON PASSION BRIDGE!!!"
GRATUITOUS SPILLED INNARDS
FOR THE YOUNG SOPHISTIcate....







MORE GUT-WRENCHING PATHOS NEXT WEEK

CURT VILE
PRESENTS:

ROSCOE THE BARBARIAN



"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

IN:
EPISODE
TWENTY ONE

"A DORK IN THE BLACK FOREST!!"

A FOREST, SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY...

GAH-DAMMIT, "SPARK-PLUG", OL' BOY!! CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER?? WE BIN TRYIN' TO GET OUTTA THIS HERE FOREST FOR HOURS!!

"IN FACT I'M STARTIN' TO GET THA IMPRESSION I'D BE BETTER OFF WALKING!!" ... I GROWLED....

...WHAT THE HELL??

SUDDENLY I SEEM TO BE HAVIN' A BEAUTIFIC VISION!! OR A POPULAR MIS-CONCEPTION OR SUMTHIN'!!

HOLY NED!!

ROSCOE MOSCOW!! THIS IS AUNT LENE, THE GOOD WITCH SPEAKING!! WELCOME, O CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY!!

JEEZ...

LONG HAVE WE WAITED FOR YOU TO COME AND DELIVER US FROM THE AWFUL DRAGON...

SEE, YONDER IS YOUR MAGIC SWORD, "SCORNBRINGER..."

TAKE IT, AND SEEK YE THE DAMSEL THAT IS ENCHAINED SOME HALF A LEAGUE HENCE...

UHH.. I THINK THIS IS A CASE O' MISSHAPEN IDENTITY!!

UH-HUH! NO MISTAKE, BUDDY!! NOW ARE YOU GONNA HAUL MY ASS OUTTA THIS STONE, OR AINCHA??

AHH, WHUT THA HECK!! I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN' TO LOSE... UH, SAY... DID I HEAR THAT BROAD WID DA PIGTAILS MENTION A DRAGON??

OH YEAH! THE FRAIL, I GOT'S TA RESCUE! O.K. LADY, YER WORRIES ARE OVER!! I'VE COME TO...

ROSCOE!!

UH JEEZUS... HI, MAXINE...

NAH!! SHE'S A YUGOSLAV... IT'S KINDA DIFFICULT T'MAKE OUT WHAT SHES SAYIN'... SHE PROBABLY MEANT "DRAG QUEEN" OR SOMETHIN'... SAY!! LOOK AHEAD, TIED TO THAT TREE...

JUST MY CRUMMY LUCK! I GUESS THE BUDGET DIDN'T STRETCH TO GETTIN' A REAL MAN TO RESCUE ME! HELL, ROSCOE, WHATTAYA WEARIN'? YA LOOK LIKE A NEWYAWK FAGGOT!!

UH, LISSEN, I CAN EXPLAIN... THESE AIN'T MY CLOTHES... I GOTTEM FROM THIS GIRL, SEE, AN'...

HA! MY HUSBAND, THE TRANSVESTITE!! I MIGHTA KNOWN!!! AN' I GUESS YER HOPIN' THAT YA GONNA MAKE THE DRAGON BUST A GUT LAUGHIN' ATCHA, RIGHT??

REVISITATION 2002 ST

DRAGON? NOW LISSEN HERE, MAXINE. YOU AIN'T GOT NO CAUSE TA INSULT MY INTELLIGENCE....

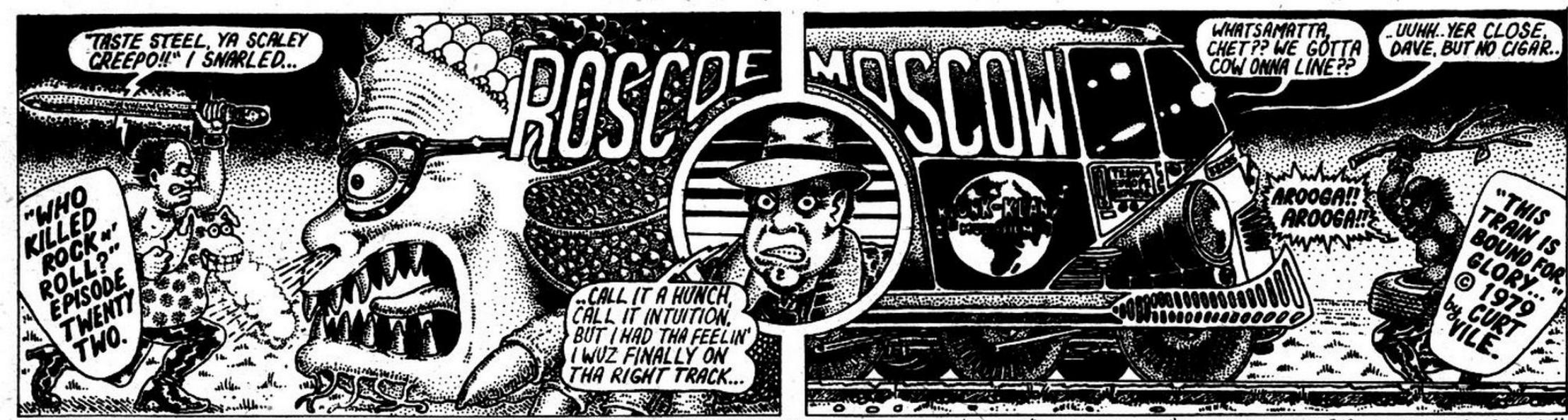
SAY (SNIFF). DID SOMEBODY LEAVE A CIGAR BURNING, OR WHAT?

UH, WATCHA LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT FER? I TOLDJA BOUT THE OUTFIT...

UH, BOSS... I HATE TA INTERRUPT...

...BUT I REALLY THINK YA SHOULD TAKE A LOOK BEHIND YA!!... AFTER ALL...

...YA MAY NEVER SEE ANOTHER ONE...



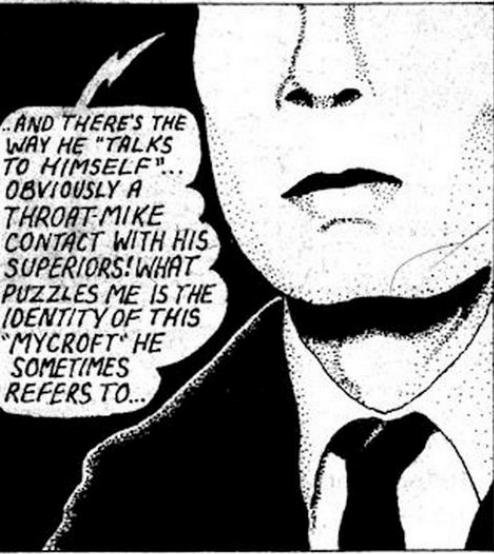
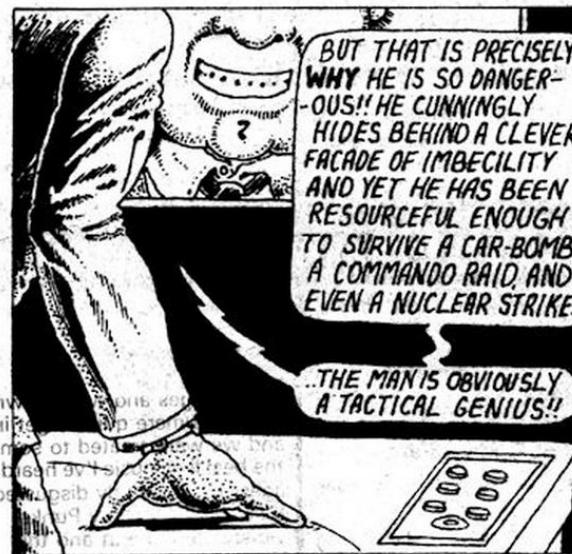
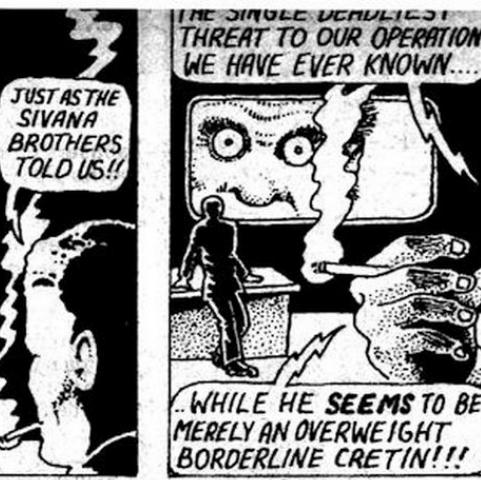
-IF BAUHAUS 1919 THINK THAT SIMPLY BY OFFERING ME MONEY, COCAINE AND SMALL BOYS THEY CAN GET ME TO PLUG THEIR NEW 'SMALL WONDER' RELEASE, "BELA LUGOSI IS DEAD", LET THEM TAKE HEED: CURT VILE CANNOT BE BOUGHT!!

"THE DRAGON TURNED INTO
A TRAIN, AN EVERYTHING
WENT BLACK... A NICE WAY
TO START A NOVEL, BUT A LO'ISY
WAY TO RUN YER LIFE....



..SOON...





ROScoe MOSCOW

DISEMBRAINING
MACHINE

GUG... GUG... GUG...
GUG... GUG... GUG...

"A QUIET LIFE IT WASNT!! I'D BIN WATCHIN' 'POP-EYE' WHEN SUDDENLY THE SCREEN STARTED FLICKERIN' LIKE CRAZY! WHEN MY HEAD CLEARED, I WAS STRAPPED IN THIS SCREWY GIZMO THAT SEEMED TO BE PRISIN' OUT MY INNERMOST SECRETS AN' DISPLAYIN' 'EM TO..."

ON THE AIR

RAFIWERK!!
WATCH THE SCREEN CLOSELY, MY FRIENDS!! IF THE SIVANA BROS. HAVE DONE THEIR WORK CORRECTLY, IT SHOULD SOON COME ALIVE WITH MR. MOSCOW'S EARLIEST BOYHOOD MEMORIES...

"NEXT TIME, I'D STICK WITH HECKLE + JECKLE."

JUNIOR
MAD SCIENTIST
OF THE YEAR
1953.

HEH
HEH HEH
HEH!!!

"I COULDNTA HEARD THA DOOR OPENIN' BEHIND ME, CUZ NEXT THING I KNEW..."

ROScoe!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY UNDERWEAR?? TAKE IT OFF!! DO YOU WANT TO KILL YOUR MOTHER? DO YOU WANT TO GROW UP LIKE YOUR UNCLE BRUCE?

BUH-BUH-BUH-
BUH-BUN-BUN-BUN-
BUH-BUH-BUH-BUN-

"SOMETHIN' FUNNY WUZ HAPPENIN' WITH A FEELIN' O' NOSTALGIA MIXED WITH NAUSEA I SUDDENLY HAD A CRYSTAL CLEAR VISION OF MY FATHER AND MY CHOKE MOTHER..."

Roscoe - the
folks - Coney Island

"THE SCENE CHANGED.. I WUZ IN MY PARENTS BEDROOM PLAYIN' AROUND WITH SOME O' MOM'S CLOTHES.. I GUESS I MUSTA BIN MAYBE FOUR AT THA TIME..."

HA HA HA HA!! NOW I'M
MICKEY MOUSE! HAHAHA

"THE SCENE SHIFTED AGIN.. IT WUZ
MAYBE A YEAR LATER, AN' I WUZ WATCHIN'
A TV. MOVIE WITH MY FOLKS..."



THAT HUMPHREY BOGART.
HE'S A REAL MAN!!!

"I RECKON IT WUZ ABOUT THIS TIME I STARTED TO GET INTA TROUBLE AT SCHOOL..."

"JUST ONE KISS,
SILVERWIG..."

MISS PRINGLE,
ROScoe's FIRST
GRADE TEACHER

"SOMETHIN' SUDENLY SEEMED
TO CLICK INTA PLACE!!"

"ENOUGH!! THIS NOSTALGIC DRIVEL TELLS US NOTHING ABOUT MOSCOW'S MOTIVATIONS... ABOUT WHO HE WORKS FOR..."



"SIVANAS!! VICTOR.. YOU TOO ROTWANG... PREPARE MR. MOSCOW FOR THE PROBE'S SECOND STAGE... HIS TEENAGE AND ADOLESCENT MEMORIES!!"

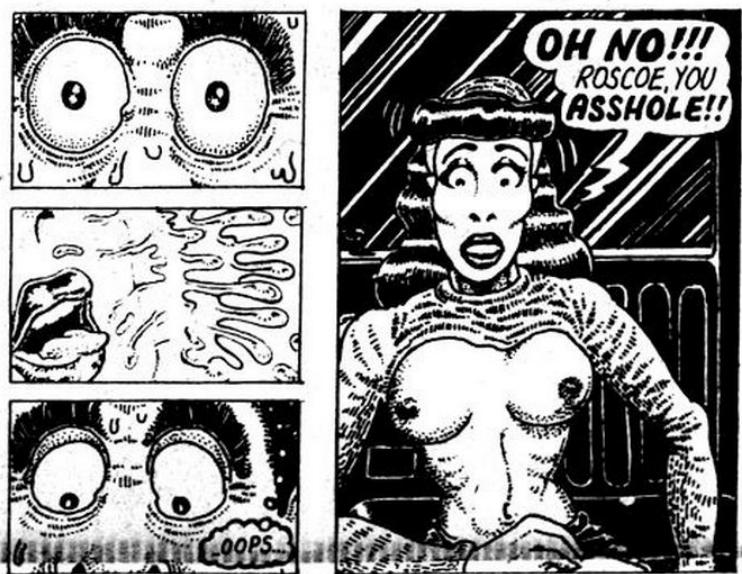
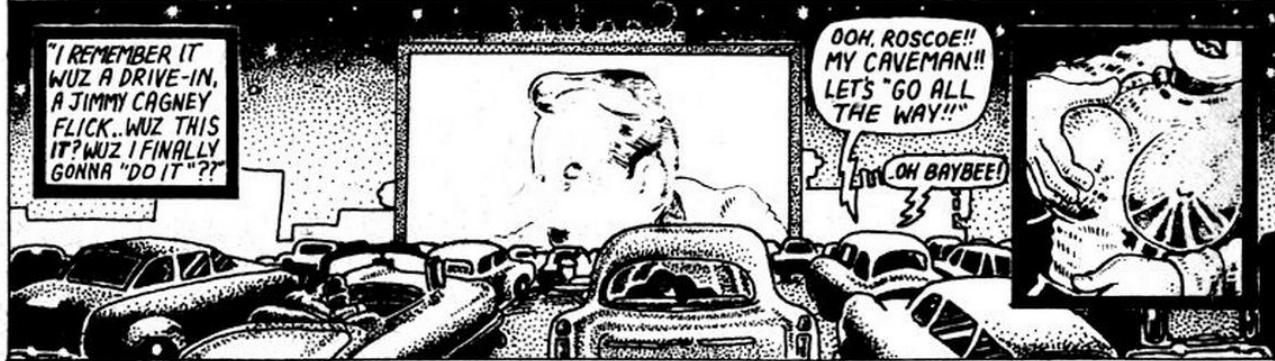


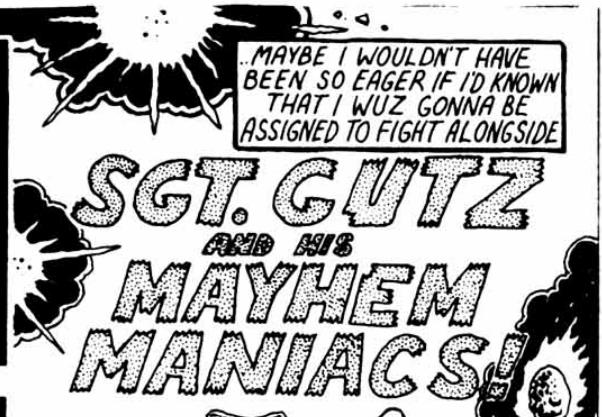
"BUT MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY, AT MRX SCHWARZ, THEATRICAL COSTUMERS."

SAY, BUBBY.. WILLYA
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS
ORDER... 500 TRENCH
COATS.. 1000 'APE-MAN'
EYEBROWS, (ASSRD. LEFT-RIGHT)
500 'BALOY' WIGS... OY
GEVALT!! FOR THIS
I GAVE UP LAW SCHOOL??

"WHO KILLED
ROCK + ROLL
TWENTY-FOUR
GROWING UP
TWISTED."

... WHAAA??





ROLL CREDITS:
ROSCOE MOSCOW,
GENTLEMAN SLEUTH,
in "WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N ROLL?"
EPISODE TWENTYSIX:
"HAM FISTED TALES!"
©1979 by CURT VILE.

...I GOT CALLED UP JUST AFTER PEARL HARBOUR. I WUZ JUST 19. AN EAGER TO FIGHT FER UNCLE SAM.



"I'D KINDA FIGGERED THAT THE GUYS WUZN'T OVER-IMPRESSED WITH ME, BUT IT WUZN'T UNTIL SOME TIME LATER, WHEN WE WUZ IN TARAWA..."



TO BE CONTINUED...

HI THERE, HEPCATS AND KITTENS! CURT "MR. PERSONALITY" VILE HERE. MY SOURCES INFORM ME THAT SOME OF YOU POOR BRAIN-DAMAGED BASTARDS HAVE TROUBLE IN UNDERSTANDING THIS STRIP....



BUT THEN WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT FROM A READERSHIP WHOSE MINDS ARE TOO ADDLED BY QUAAALUDE ABUSE AND CONSTANT MAGGOT-GALLOPING TO FOLLOW ANYTHING MORE COMPLEX THAN "OLD LOB AND HIS FARMYARD PALS"?



BUT FEAR NOT, MY SQUIRMIES... FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE MOST LIKELY HOLDING THIS PAGE UPSIDE DOWN ANYWAY, GOOD OL' UNCLE CURT PRESENTS "WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?" EPISODE 27: "WHO'S WHO IN ROSCOE MOSCOW?"



FIRST AND FOREMOST, OUR HARD-BITTEN HERO, ROSCOE B. MOSCOW... THIS TOUGH PRIVATE EYE STALKS ROCK-'N-ROLL'S KILLER RELENTLESSLY, DESPITE THE SERIOUS HANDICAP OF BEING FAT, STUPID, MENTALLY ILL AND TROUBLED BY HAEMORRHOIDS.



SECONDLY, HIS GLAMOUROUS WIFE MAXINE. SHE CAN'T REMEMBER THE WEDDING, (IT WAS IN TIJUANA AND SHE WAS DRUNK.) BUT SHE SOON DISCOVERED THAT ROSCOE WAS AS GOOD IN BED AS HE WAS AT EVERYTHING ELSE. AN ASPIRING DIVORCEE.



NEXT, MR. MOSCOW'S PSYCHIATRIST, DR ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE, A CURIOUSLY MALFORMED DWARF WHO IS CURRENTLY PLAYING "HIDE THE SALAMI" WITH MR. MOSCOW'S WIFE. A RUM LITTLE BLIGHTER.



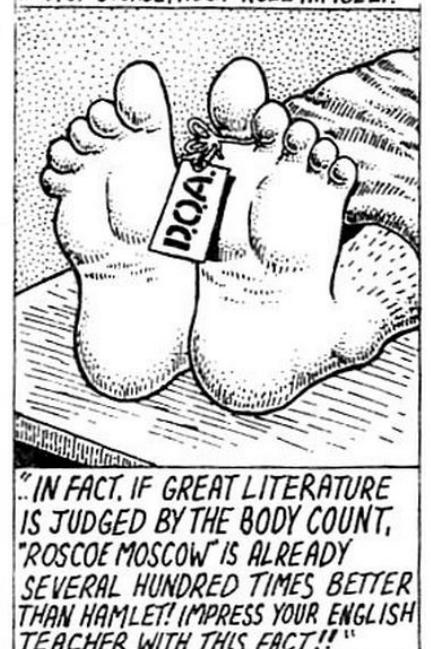
THEN THERE'S THE ENIGMATIC "SINISTER GLOVES" AND HIS ARMADILLO AIDE-DE-CAMP, AMBROSE. NO ONE IS QUITE CERTAIN WHAT THIS GRUESOME TWOSOME ARE UP TO, BUT IT WOULD UPSET YOU IF YOU FOUND YOUR MOTHER DOING IT...



LET US NOT FORGET MYCROFT THE IMAGINARY CROW, OUR HERO'S PET D.T. HALLUCINATION. IN HIS SPARE TIME, THIS LIKEABLE NIGHTMARE GETS BIG YOKES BY DRIVING ACIDHEADS AND DEXEDRINE-CRAZED HOUSEWIVES TO SUICIDE...



AND FINALLY, THE STIFFS!! IN SIX SHORT MONTHS OF LIFE, THIS FEisty LITTLE STRIP HAS MANAGED TO GREASE HUNDREDS OF MINOR CHARACTERS INCLUDING BIKERS, COPS, ALIENS, THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF BERLIN, AND, OF COURSE, ROCK-'N-ROLL HIMSELF.



WELL, NEXT ISSUE, WE'LL BE BACK TO (HEH HEH!) "NORMAL," AND HOPEFULLY, THIS LITTLE EXCURSION WILL HAVE SILENCED MY CRITICS...

OTHERWISE WE MAY HAVE TO THINK OF A MORE PERMANENT METHOD!! WHAT SAY, OTTO??



TO BE CONTINUED ©1979 by CURT VILE

"IN FACT, IF GREAT LITERATURE IS JUDGED BY THE BODY COUNT, "ROSCOE MOSCOW" IS ALREADY SEVERAL HUNDRED TIMES BETTER THAN HAMLET! IMPRESS YOUR ENGLISH TEACHER WITH THIS FACT!!"

"FIRST- THE GOOD NEWS: AFTER MONTHS OF SEARCHIN' I'D FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE KILLERS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, A BUNCHA MAD HUNS WHO WENT BY THE MONICKER OF RAFIAWERK!!"

WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL EPISODE TWENTY-EIGHT

"OF COURSE, THIS WAS MARRED JUST A LITTLE BY ONE MINOR DETAIL!"

"I'M AFRAID, HERR MOSCOW, THAT WE MUST DECREASE YOUR HAT SIZE A LITTLE BY BLOWING YOUR BRAINS OUT!!"



"YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!!" I CROAKED.



MY MIND RACED!
I HAD TO THINK
OF SOMETHING
TO STALL THEM.

PANEL 4-LONG SHOT:

91

OH DON'T BE SUCH A GREAT STUPID TIT! OF COURSE WE'LL GET AWAY WITH IT!! YOU'RE MILES FROM ANYWHERE, NO ONE KNOWS YOUR WHEREABOUTS... WE GERMANS MAY HAVE LOST THE WORLD CUP BUT WE'RE NOT TOTALLY INCOMPETENT!



"AHH... ANYBODY FER A GAME O' FIFTY-TWO CARD PICK-UP ???"
I QUIPPED.

KLICK!

"NO, HERR MOSCOW!! YOU MAY HAVE BEEN STRONG ENOUGH TO FOOL OUR MIND-PROBE, BUT ALL YOUR MUCH-VAUNTED CUNNING CANNOT SAVE YOU NOW!"



"THAT'S A NICE LINE!
THANKS! YOU REALLY
THINK SO??

YES—"MUCH VAUNTED
CUNNING... REALLY SMART!"
YOU DON'T THINK IT'S
A LITTLE TOO PLAYFUL?
NO, NO, IT'S TREMENDOUS!!

"ACH DU LEIBER UND STOLLER!! WE MUST HAVE REACHED A STATION!! I APOLOGISE, HERR MOSCOW, FOR THE DELAY... WE WILL SHOOT YOU DIRECTLY THE TRAIN IS ONCE MORE IN TRANSIT...

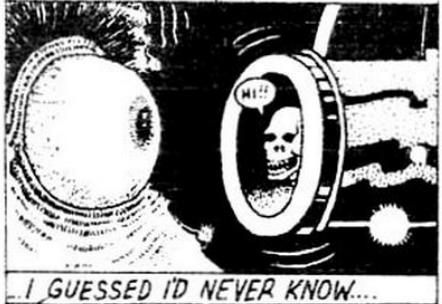


THE TRAIN BEGAN MOVIN' ALMOST STRAIGHT AWAY.
I HAD TO PLAY FOR TIME SOMEHOW.

NO TAKERS!! IN DESPAIR I WATCHED HIS FINGER TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGER.

NO TAKERS!! IN DESPAIR I WATCHED HIS FINGER TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGER.

IT'S FUNNY, THE WACKY THINGS THAT YA THINK OF WHEN YER LOOKIN' DEATH IN THE FACE!! I WUZ WONDERIN' WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MECHANO, THE KRAUT CUTIE WHO'D LEFT ME IN THE LURCH ALSO, I WONDERED WHO'D ORDERED THE 500 TRENCHCOATS FROM MAX SCHWARZ THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS LTD.'



I GUessed I'D NEVER KNOW...

SUDDENLY, A DOOR SPRANG OPEN...

EXCUSING ME, BUT IS THIS THE LADIES' POWDER ROO... **HERR MOSCOW!!!** WHAT AN UNGLAUBLIC COINCIDENCE!!



JA!! IT IS ME BEINK!
UND JUST WAIT
TILL YOU SEE WHO
I AM HAVING WITH
ME, BY CRIKEY!!



ACH!! NEIN!!
BY GOERING'S DEMEROL HABIT!!
IT CANNOT BE!!



BUT IT IS!!!

MEET THE "**ROSCOE MOSCOW ONLY TRUE FAN CLUB.**" (REG. TRADEMARK)





ROSS COE IN MOSCOW

MECHANO AN' HER BUDDIES HAD SPLIT THE SCENE, LEAVIN' ME TO RETURN TO THE HAMBURG FLOPHOUSE I'D VACATED WEEKS AGO! I WUZ RUNNIN' A BATH... ROCK N' ROLL WUZ DEAD, THE BUNCHA HOMICIDAL WIND-UPS KNOWN AS RAFIAWERK WERE DEAD, BUT I'D BE DAMNED IF PERSONAL HYGINE WUZ DEAD!! NO SIR!!



I WAS THICK WITH THE GRIME OF INTRIGUE AN' MORTALITY... ALSO STALE 'HAI-KARATE'... THANKFULLY I SANK INTO THE TUB AN' LET THE CHEAP PINE BATH SALTS SOOTHE MY SINS...



RELEVANT DATA
AT A STATE BANQUET, A PRESIDENTIAL AIDE SPILLED A GLASS OF WATER OVER THEN-PRESIDENT GERALD FORD. THE AIDE APOLOGISED PROFUSELY, BUT THE GENT FROM GRAND RAPIDS JUST SMILED AND SAID:



"WHO KILLED ROCK-n-ROLL?" 30: WASHING THE DETECTIVE!!

THEN, O'COURSE, THERE WUZ THE MINOR MYSTERY O' THE GEEK WITH THE MICKEY MOUSE GLOVES WHO TURNED UP IN THE LAST PANEL OF EVERY THIRD EPISODE AND WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE I WUZ TOTALLY UNAWARE OF...



OBVIOUSLY, THERE WUZ PLENTY O' FOLDIN' GREEN TIED UP IN THIS SOMEWHERE! YA DON'T GET THE CASH TO RAISE ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO TOTAL **BERLIN** BY JUST WORKIN' NIGHTS IN THA LAUNDERETTE....

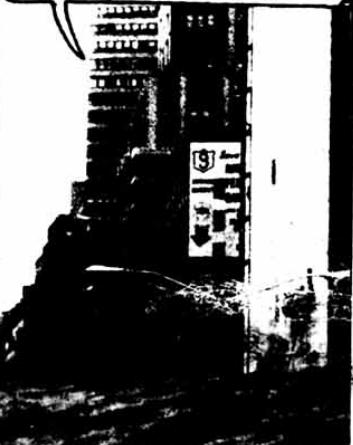


..BUT WHERE'S A GUY SUPPOSED TO START LOOKIN'? IT STRUCK ME I KNEW LESS NOW THAN WHEN I **STARTED THIS CAPER!!**

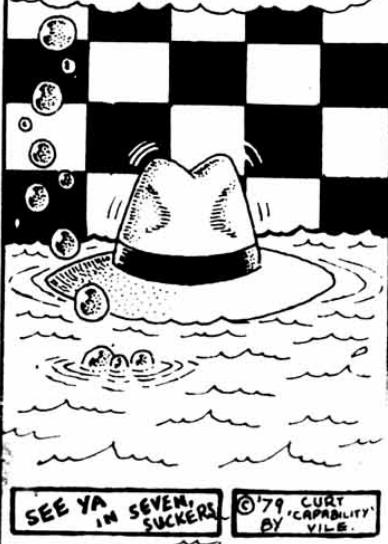
HMM... MAYBE I SHOULD'A ASKED RAFIAWERK WHO SIGNED THEIR PAYCHECKS **BEST** BEFORE I SHOT THA BASTIDS...



I DECIDED TO HEAD BACK TO THE STATES ON THE FIRST FLIGHT NEXT DAY—I KNEW SOME GUYS WHO COULD MAYBE HELP ME OUTTA MY PREDICAMENT!! BUT STILL... I COULDN'T SHAKE THIS FEELIN' IN MY GUT...



..COULD IT BE THAT I WUZ GETTIN' INVOLVED IN A SITCHEWATION WHERE I WUZ WAY OUTTA MY DEPTH??



ROScoe Moscow

- RELEVANT DATA -

"THINGS ARE MORE
LIKE THEY ARE
NOW THAN THEY
EVER WERE BEFORE."
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.

(COURTESY OF "WHOLE GRAINS"
BY SPIEGELMAN + SCHNEIDER.)

WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?

31: "OUR SENIOR SUPERMEN..."

DATELINE: NEW YORK!! THEY SAY THERE'S A BROKEN LIGHT FOR EVERY HEART ON BROADWAY, BUT IT WUZ GOOD TA BE BACK!! I'D FLOWN IN FROM GERMANY, LOOKIN' FOR HELP IN TRACKIN' DOWN ROCKY'S KILLER, AN' I HAD A SHREWD IDEA WHERE I COULD FIND IT...



DIDJA EVER WONDER WHERE CAPTAIN AMERICA GOES WHEN HE WANTS TO UNWIND FROM BEATIN' UP COMMIES AND CIVIL RIGHTS DEMONSTRATORS?? WELL LEMME CLUE YA IN, BUB...



...HE GOES TO CAPTAIN BILLY'S!! AN' THE GUY I WUZ LOOKIN' FOR WUZ HOLDIN' UP THE BAR THERE LIKE HE WUZ WELDED TO IT....



"HIS NAME WUZ ROCKET REDGLARE, THE GREATEST PATRIOTIC SUPER-DUPER EVER TO THROW IN HIS HAND WITH UNCLE SAMMY!! I'D BIN A FAN O' HIS SINCE I WUZ A LITTLE KID...."



GREAT CAESARS GHOST!!
WILLYA LOOK WHO IT IS!! HEY, FELLA'S!
IT'S ROSCOE MOSCOW!! HA HA HA!
"REACH, I GROWLED!" RIGHT, ROS? HA HA!"

BOY HOWDY!! ALLA THESE GOOD OL' BOYS IS BIG FANS O' YOUSE, RIGHT, GUYS? NEVER MISS AN EPISODE!! HA HA! "HOLD IT, I SNARLED. HA HA HA!! GREAT! I LOVE IT!! BUT WHAT ARE YA DOIN' HERE, BUDDY?? I MEAN, WHAT'S SHAKIN'?"



"AN SO I TOLD HIM HOW I FIGGERED HE COULD HELP ME FIND THE KILLER OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, BUT HE JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD AN' SIGHED..."

ROSCOE, YER ABOUT TWENNY YEARS TOO LATE! WE AINT BARELY IN SHAPE TO CASH OUR WELFARE CHECKS ANYMORE!! DAMMIT, ROSCOE, WE'RE OLD MEN!!

YEAH, BUT...

BUT NOTHIN' BUDDY!! WE'RE ALL WASHED UP!! JUST LOOK AT THE SHAPE O' THESE SAD-ASSED SONS OF BITCHES.. THE HUMAN SAFETYMATCH, JUST A BURNED-OUT HAS-BIN... PLASTICENE MAN TURNED HIMSELF INTO A STANDARD LAMP THREE YEARS AGO AN CAN'T CHANGE BACK! THEN THERE'S WOMBAT MAN, THE POOR MOTH-EATEN BASTARD.. THE SILVER SUFFERER, THE GREEN LATRINE, THE FLYIN' FUCK... WERE A JOKE, ROSCOE! A BAD JOKE!!!



NAH, PAL, WE AINT FIT TA DO NOTHIN' BUT WISH YA LUCK... AN' BELIEVE ME, YER GONNA NEED IT...

"UHH, WHADDAYA MEAN?" I QUERIED.



PANEL 8:

OH, I WUZ FORGETTIN'.. YOU BIN OUT OF THE COUNTRY!! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BIN GOIN' DOWN SINCE ROCKY BOUGHT IT... HERE, LET DOCTOR MARGINALLY ABNORMAL RUSTLE UP A VISION TO PUT YA IN THE PICTURE! KINYA DO IT, DOC??



THERE, ROSCOE... YA SEE?? YA SEE WHUT'S HAPPENED TO THE WORLD SINCE THE DEATH OF ROCK AND ROLL??



I GAZED INTO THE MAGICALLY CREATED IMAGE WITH HORROR, A SICK FEELIN' BUBBLED IN MY GUT. "OH JEEZUS," I GASPED

DR. MARGINALLY ABNORMAL APPEARS COURTESY OF THE FOREMAN STUDIOS.

BE CONTINUED... ©1979 by CURT "AT LAST" A CULT HERO FOR THE '80's "VILE."

ROSCOE MOSCOW:
WHO KILLED ROCK 'N'
ROLL? PART 32: THE
END OF CIVILIZATION
AS WE KNOW IT!!!

"ROCK-N-ROLL WUZ DEAD,
AN' FROM WHERE I WUZ
STANDIN' IT LOOKED AS
IF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
WUZ COUGHIN' BLOOD!!"

TRILOBITES TEEM
FROM OPEN SEWERS.
EVERWHERE IS THE
THICK PERFUME OF
ROTTING APPLES...

"HAD THE JEHOVAH'S
WITNESSES BIN RIGHT?
WUZ THIS THE END?
OR WHAT?? IT SURE
AS HELL BEAT ME...."

SUNSTROKE IN THE
DARK! FIREWORKS! A
DISTANT SOUND OF
MILLIONS WHISPERING
..ROCK-ROLL WAS DEAD...



ROCK N ROLL ZOO



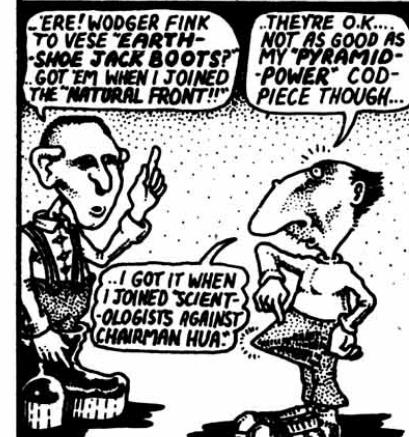
THAT MADCAP MERCHANT OF MERRIMENT
MR. ROSCOE MOSCOW
IN:
"WHO KILLED ROCK AND ROLL?"
BEING A COMICAL NARRATIVE
BY CURTIS VILE.
FIT THE THIRTY-THIRD:
"ROSCOE MAKES YET ANOTHER FAUX-PAS;
THE FAT SLOBBERING SHIT-HEAD."



I WUZ HANGIN' OUT WITH A BUNCHA SUPERANNUTED SUPERMEN. AN' NOW FEARLESS FLAG-WAYER ROCKET REDGLARE ALONG WITH ASTHMATIC ASTROLOGER DOCTOR MARGINALLY ABNORMAL WERE GIVIN' ME THE LOW-DOWN ON THA HUMIN CONDITION!!! "COMFORTABLE" IT WUZNT....



"YEE, ROSCOE," ROCKET EXPLAINED, "EVER SINCE THE DEATH OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, PEOPLE AIN'T HAD NO RELEASE FROM THEIR PENT-UP FEARS AN' INSECURITIES! SOME OF 'EM HAVE JOINED WEIRD POLITICAL Factions IN SEARCH OF AN ANSWER..."



"OTHERS CONCOCT INSANE CONSPIRACY THEORIES TO EXPLAIN THEIR PROBLEMS... LIVING LIVES OF RELENTLESS TERROR AND STARK PARANOIA..."

FOR GOD'S SAKE MADGE!! DON'T ANSWER THE PHONE!! DO YOU WANT THEM TO KNOW THAT WE'RE HERE???



"AND OF COURSE, THEY'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!! WITH ALL OF THESE CRAZIES ROAMING THE STREETS, HOW LONG BEFORE ONE DECIDES TO VISIT YOU??"



"AND THEN THERE'S THE SEX-PERVERTS!! JUST IMAGINE, YOU OR ONE OF YOUR LOVED ONES, TRAPPED IN A STALLED ELEVATOR WITH ONE OF THOSE SICKIES...."



"THE VISION FLICKERED AN' FADED. I WUZ LEFT WITH A MOUTH THAT TASTED LIKE SUMTHIN CRAWLED INTO IT AN' DIED. AN' I HAD ICE-BERGS DOIN' A WATUSI UP AND DOWN MY BACKBONE... MERCIFULLY, ROCKET BROKE THA AWFUL SILENCE.

GET THE PICTURE BUDDY? UNLESS YOU CAN FIND THE KILLER OF ROCK-N-ROLL, IT'S SHIT CITY FOR THE HUMAN RACE! WE'RE COUNTIN' ON YA!!

YEAH, BUT...

"AND IN THE FACE OF SO MUCH PANIC AND CHAOS, HOW LONG BEFORE THE LAST FEW SANE ONES CRACK?? HOW LONG BEFORE CIVILIZATION ITSELF GOES TOTALLY RAVING SHRIEKING FOAMING-AT-THE-MOUTH DOO-LALLY???

BUT ME NO BUTS, ROSCOE!! ME AN' THE GUYS, OUR WORLD-SAVIN' DAYS ARE FINITO!! NOW, THE HOPES AN ASPIRATIONS OF HUMANITY REST WITH YOU!! DONCHA SEE, ROSCOE? YOU'RE THE LAST HERO!!!



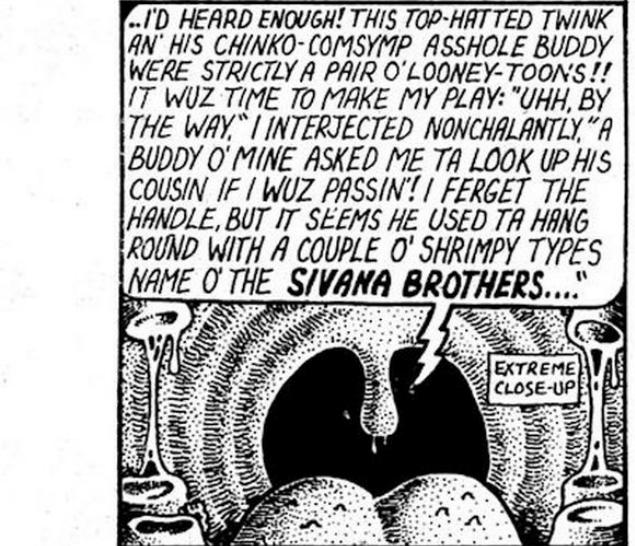
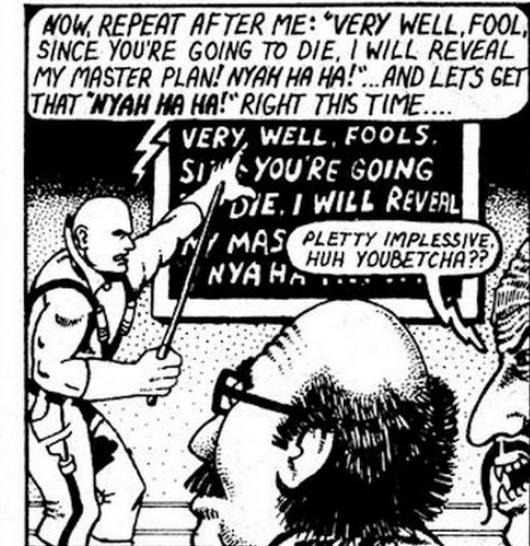
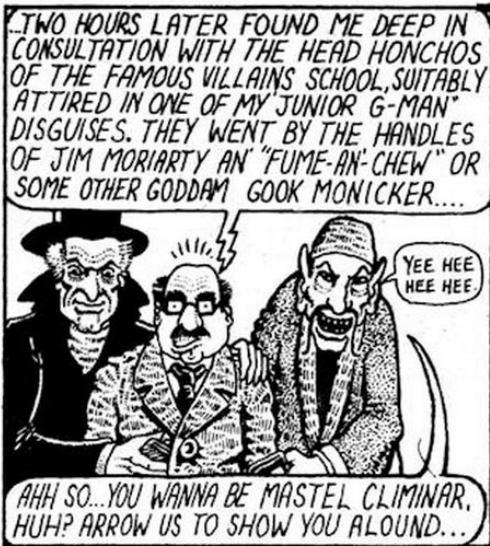
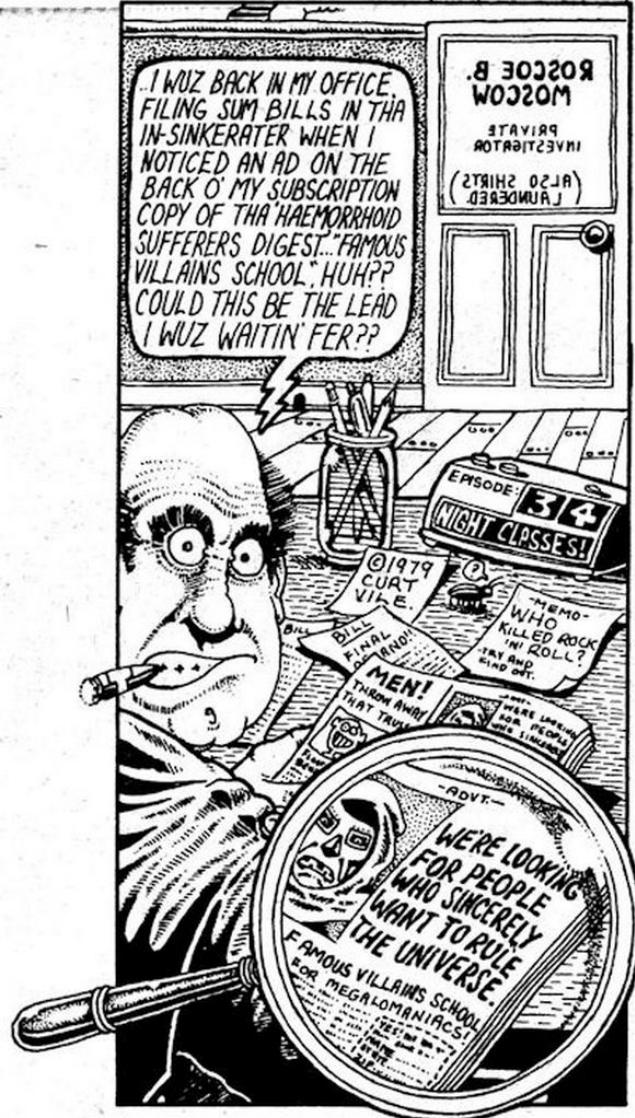
..MY EYES WUZ FILLED WITH TEARS OF PRIDE. "THANKS A BUNCH, YOU GUYS," I CHOKED. TURNING, I STRODE MANFULLY OUTTA THE DOOR TO FACE MY DESTINY!! "YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME, FELLAHS!" I BARKED....

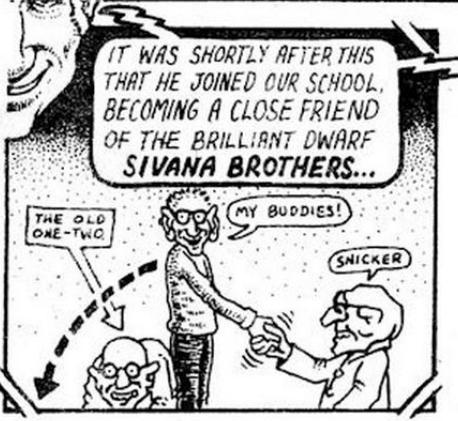


NO, ROSCOE!! NOT THAT DOOR!! THAT'S THE...

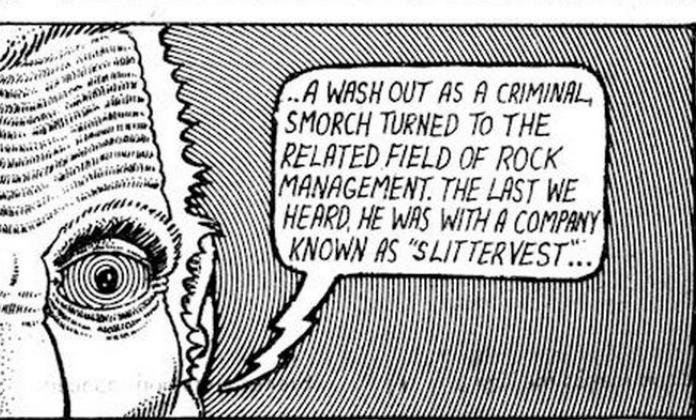


BROOM CLOSET...
TO BE CONTINUED... ©79 CURT VILE.





EVEN TO THE EXTENT OF FITTING HIM OUT IN SINISTER LEATHER GLOVES AND A PET ARMADILLO.. BUT TO NO AVAIL... THE MAN WAS A 24 CARAT TURKEY...



.IT WUZ THE INFO I'D BIN WAITIN' FOR... I MADE MY EXCUSES AN' LEFT!! SLITTERVEST, HUH? SMORCH... HMM... IT SEEMED I HAD IT ALL SEWN UP BUT SOMEHOW I FELT THAT IT WUZ ONLY JUST BEGINNING...

THE PROSPECT WUZ LIKE ITALIAN FOOD...

IT MADE ME SICK...

TO BE CONTINUED...

© 1979 CURT VILE

ROSCOE MOSCOW

"IT DIDN'T FIGGER....
I HAD A HARD DAY IN
FRONT O' ME, CHECKIN'
OUT "GLITTERVEST"
LTD. IT WUZ 3:00 AM.
I SHOULD'A BIN SLEEPIN'
LIKE A FRIGGIN BABY."

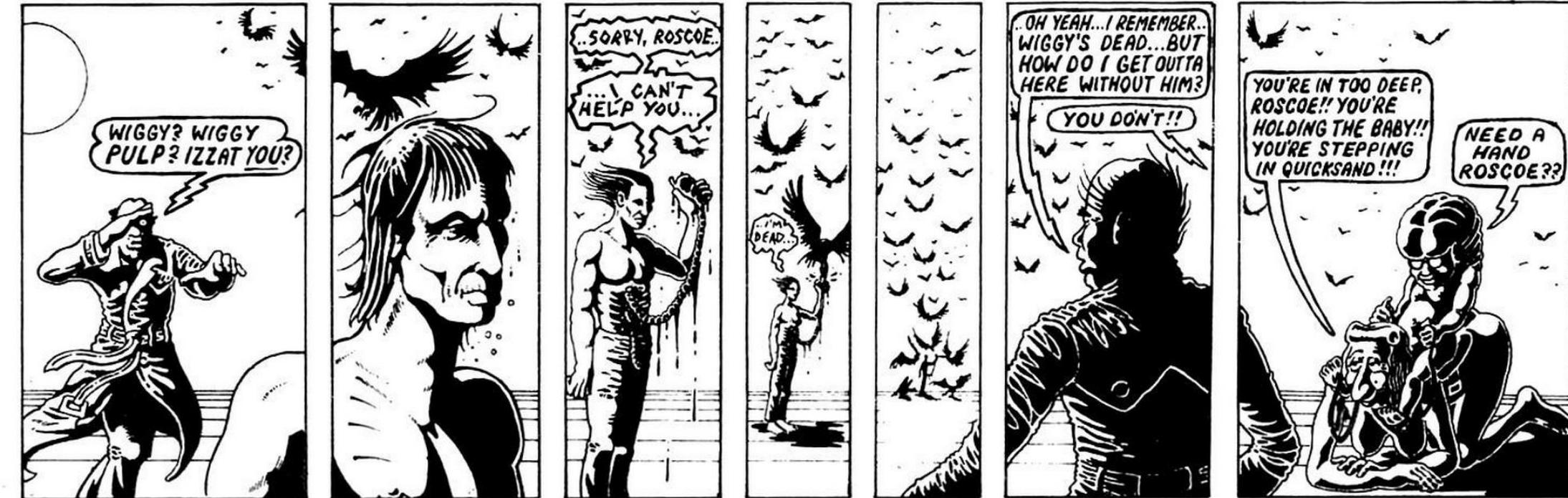
BUT NO DICE... EVERYTIME I DOZED
OFF, I GOT DREAMS THAT WOULD'A
GIVEN DE QUINCY THE SHITS..."

DREAMS FULLA PROBLEMS."

PROBLEMS LIKE...

WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N ROLL?

WIGGY FEVER





IT WUZ NO PROBLEM FINDIN'
THE OFFICE. WHEN NOBODY ANSWERED MY KNOCK, I TRIED MY
SKELETON KEY. THEN I TRIED A STRIP OF MICA. THEN I TRIED
A SMALL EXPLOSIVE CHARGE...

THEN I...AHH...TRIED TURNIN'
THE...ER...HANDLE...BLUSHES



IT WUZ STACKED TO THE
CEILING WITH EVERY
IMAGINABLE FORM OF
MERCANDISE... BOOKS,
DISCS, POSTERS, T-SHIRTS,
ASHTRAYS... EVEN TOWELS...



SUDDENLY, I NOTICED
SOMETHING AT THE FAR
END OF THE ROOM... IT
WUZ MARKED "ULTIMATE
PRODUCT" AN IT LOOKED
LIKE A FREEZER UNIT.
THIS I HAD TA SEE....



I LIFTED THE HEAVY
FREEZER LID AN' TOOK
A LOOK INSIDE... PRETTY
IT WUZNT! I'D SEEN ENUFF!



ROSCOE MOSCOW EPISODE 38: 'BETTER THAN ONE'.



"I HAD FOUND SOMETHIN' VERY FISHY AT THE OFFICES O' 'SLITTERVEST INC.' IN A LOCKER MARKED 'ULTIMATE PRODUCT...'



"I RECOGNISED THE GUY ON THE LEFT AS POP SVENGALI MALCOLM MAGNESIA, AN' HIS BUDDY AS SHARP HIPPIE WHIZ-KID RICHARD BRANE-STAWN...."



"OKAY, LARDASS!!.. I SURE HOPE YOUR RAT-FACED BOSS IS PAYING YOU PLENTY FOR THIS CAPER, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO HORRIBLY SUFFER!!!



"HEE HEE HOO HOO HOO! YUK YUK HAW HAW HAW... YOU JUST SPLIT AN INFINITIVE, YA DUMMY!! HAW HAW HAW!!!



"SO? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? IT'S ONLY LIKE SAYING "TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE.." INNIT??



"ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT STAR TREK IS BAD GRAMMAR?"



"YOUR NECK? YOUR NECK? YOU PIECE OF SHIT! IT'S MY NECK!!



"YOU CAN'T! THEY'RE YOUR BALLS!
ONE EACH! WE AGREED!!

"MY PLAN HAD WORKED!! UNNOTICED I SLIPPED OUTTA THE DOOR..."



"...LOOKIN' FER SUMFINK, GEEZER?"



"TO BE CONTINUED. ©'79 BY CURT VILE."



[TO BE CONTINUED @'80 CURE VILLE...]

"MRS. MOSCOW'S DIARY!"

THIS WEEK:

ROScoe MOSCOW, "WHO KILLED ROCK 'n' ROLL?"

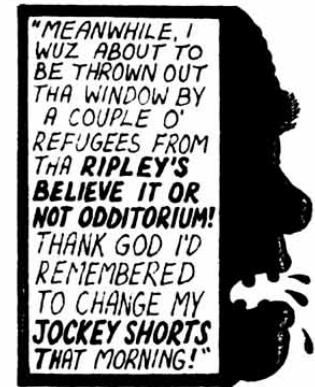
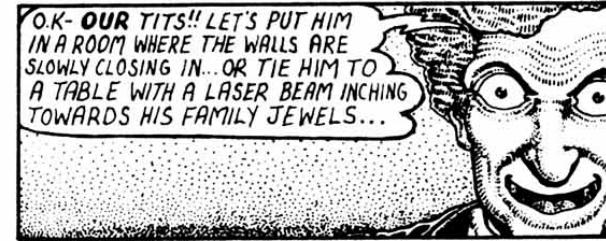


ROSCOE MONTREAL

(A SINCERE PROTEST BY CURT CARRY ON UP THE KHYBER VILLE.

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?":
IN "WHO 'ONE STEP BEYOND!!"

IN EPISODE
FORTY-
ONE OF



CHAPTER 42

THE HUMAN butter-mountain known as "The Heap" gripped my tortured torso like an anaconda with an emotional problem. He wuz nowhere near as big as the planet Jupiter, but I wuz too weak to resist.

Meanwhile, his boss — a two-headed turkey with stereo halitosis — began to spool out a life story that Linda Lovelace woulda bin hard pressed to swallow. Me, I just wondered where he got his shirts from. . .

"It all began," he whined, "with the Swarfega Brother's travelling circus."



"BUT EVEN this tiny sliver of happiness was snatched cruelly from my grasp! The Gluck Sisters left the circus for a job modelling pantyhose and I was heartbroken. I had to bang my heads together to get to sleep at night.

"Despair beckoned! I was a middle-aged man with two heads and no 'O' Levels. Then, into my life walked the creature called Johnny Rats!! He was no ordinary Coypu-faced curiosities. . .he was AN ORIGINAL!!!



"FREAKS"

"JOHNNY and his best friend, Sid Viscous ("The Human Running Sore") became an overnight sensation! Of the audiences who witnessed their stomach-churning slapstick not a man nor bowel remained unmoved.

"Another new act was Major Retardo. ("World's Most Stupid Sentient Being.") Each night this plucky pinhead perplexed the crowds by forgetting his name, how to stand up, and where his ears were.

"As a finale he would challenge a tin of Kenomeat to a game of chess and lose. . ."



"AN IDEA began to congeal deep within my brains. . .an idea that would enable us to wash our hands of the Swarfega Brothers and their ilk. . .

"I would take this quartet of evolutionary toilet jokes and transform them into THE GREATEST ROCK BAND IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD!!

"Oh, there were problems at first. . .The Heap kept eating his guitars, Retardo would sometimes forget to keep breathing and have to be rushed to hospital. . .but in the end, by God, we were READY!! The STICK PIMPLES burst upon an unsuspecting world!!!!"



Roscoe Moscow

IN:
"WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

IT WUZ A TOTAL
PANCAKE... EVERY-
BODY FROM KING
KONG DOWN WUZ
SCARED O' HEIGHTS!!
REE-FUGGIN-DICULOUS!
AFTER ALL...

EPISODE 44:
"WITHOUT A
PADDLE!"

MEANWHILE, BELOW...

HEY.. THEY GOT A
"STRANGE BUT TRUE"
COMPETITION INNA PAPER:
"SEND IN YOUR OWN
STRANGE BUT TRUE
ANECDOTES... \$25 FOR EACH
ONE PUBLISHED!"

I ONCE HAD
AN AUNT WHO
COULD TALK
TO GOLDFISH...

WHY BOther Me
Ruth Schwartz

TONGA
INVADeS
RUSSIA!

WORLD
POPE
TO
MOSCOW

CHew.
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHew.
MASTICATE

NOT REALLY...
THEY NEVER
USED TO
ANSWER HER...

...THAT'S RILLY
UNBELIEVABLE...

MEANWHILE, BELOW...

YKNOW, I BIN A SEWER-
GATOR FOR NIGH ON TEN
YEARS, AN' WE NEVER HAD
IT SO GOOD... EVERY TIME
THERE'S A BIG DOPE BUST
WE GET POUNDS O' FIRST-
RATE HASH FLUSHED
DOWN THE JOHN...

AN' LOTS A HOT
POLAROID SNAPS,
EH, MIZTAH 'GATOR?

PANT!

YUP...WHAT COULD BE
MORE CIVILIZED
THAN A FEW STIFF
'J'S AN' THEN "OFF
THA WRIST..."

HUH??

GOLLY!!

SPLOO!

CHAAA!! SHIT!!

I'M COVERED IN SHIT!!

SHIT! CHAA!

GWOOK!

BLEURGHH!

SIGH!!

...THERE GOES
THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!

GIBBER!!

SHRIEK!!

SHIT!!

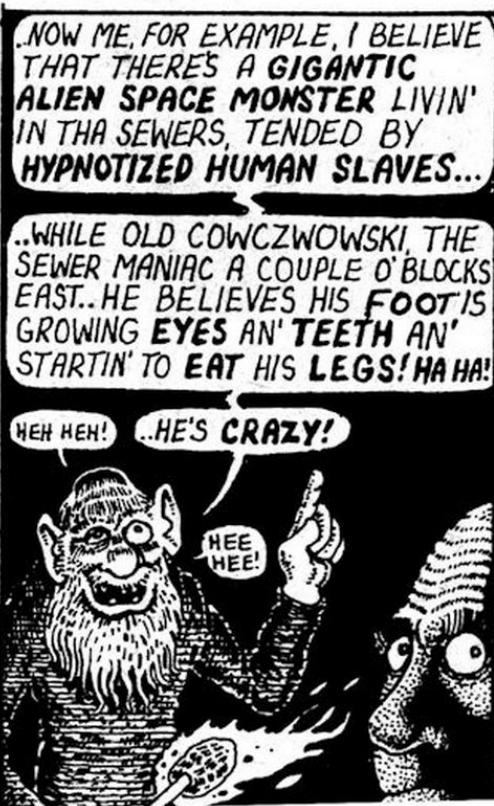
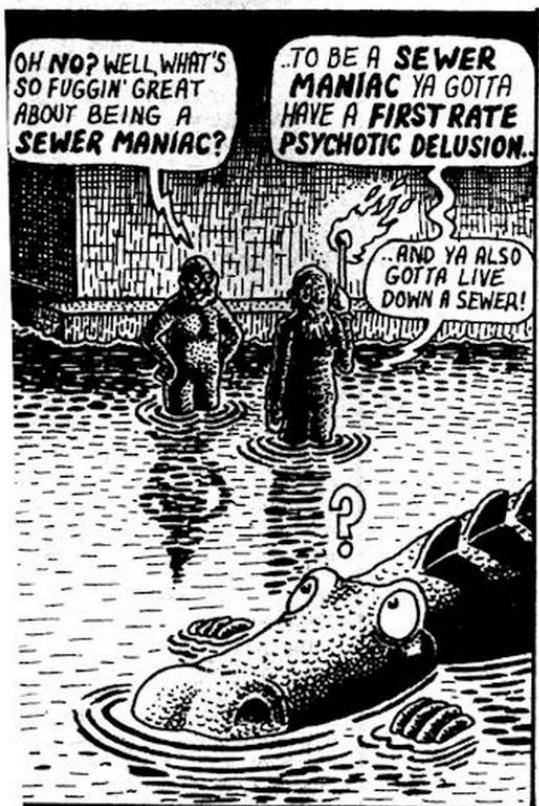
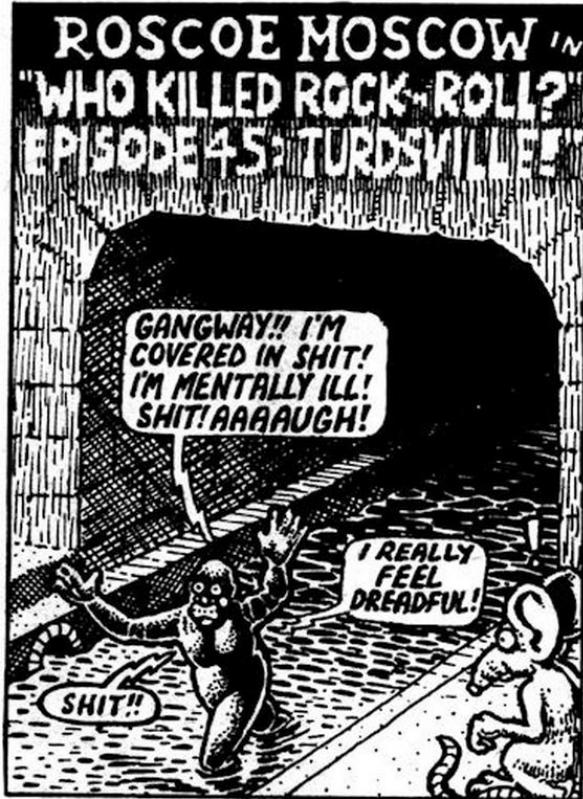
TSK!

OOOOUGHH!

SHIT!!

MORE SCATALOGICAL
SHIGGERS NEXT WEEK!

©'80 CURT
VILE.



ROSCOE MOSCOW

IN EPISODE #6 OF
WHO KILLED ROCK 'N ROLL?
TARZAN OF THE RATS!

"SO, LIKE, HOW D'YA GET TA BE A BONA FIDO 'SEWER MANIAC'? KIN YA TAKE A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE?"

"OR IS IT JUST A MATTER OF KNOWIN' THE RIGHT PEOPLE?"

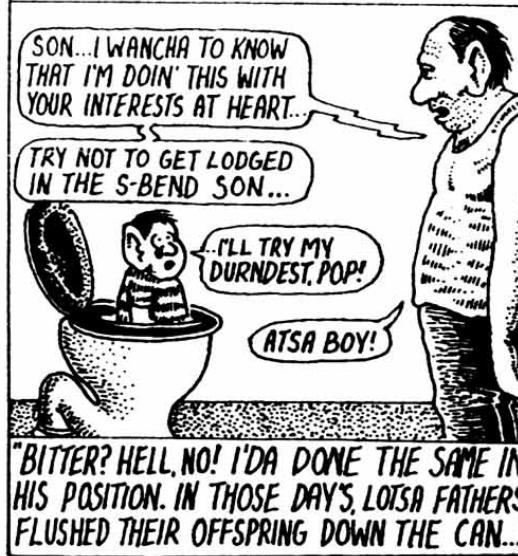
"OR WHAT?"

"HAH!! JUST LIKE ALL THE REST! YOU THINK BEIN' A SEWER MANIAC IS ONE LONG PARTY!! SO OKAY... IT'S A JOB WITH GLAMOUR, LOTS A PRESTIGE, GOOD HOURS, AN' ALL THE RATS YOU CAN EAT, BUT ONLY ONE IN A MILLION MAKE THE GRADE."

"KNOW WHY? PASS ME ANOTHER RAT AN' I'LL TELL YA..."

"..I WUZ BORN IN A POOR NEIGHBOURHOOD, ONE OF A FAMILY O' NINE! POP DIDN'T HAVE NO JOB, AN' I GUESS THA THOUGHT OF ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED WUZ TOO MUCH!! I CAN STILL REMEMBER HIS LAST WORDS TO ME..."

"I REMEMBER THE DISTANT SOUND OF THE CISTERN REFILLING... THEN THERE WUZ ONLY DARKNESS AND THE RUSHING TORRENTS OF WATER!! HOW I SURVIVED... ME, A KID BARELY OUTTA DIAPERS... I'LL NEVER KNOW. BUT SOMEHOW I DID..."



"NORMALLY, THEY WOULD'A TORN ME TO SHREDS, BUT I GOT LUCKY. IT SO HAPPENED THAT ONE OF THE SHE-RATS HAD JUST LOST HER YOUNGSTER TO A 'GATOR, SO SHE ADOPTED ME... TOOK CARE OF ME LIKE I WUZ HER OWN BABY!!"

"SON, YOU'RE TEN YEARS OLD NOW... ISN'T IT TIME YOU THOUGHT ABOUT GROWING A TAIL?"



"I SOON LEARNED ALL THE SKILLS AND FIGHTING PROWESS OF A REAL RAT! I COULD GNAW MY WAY THROUGH THREE THICKNESSES O' HARDBOARD AN RUN UP YA TROUSERLEG IF I WUZ CORNERED..."

"COURSE, MOMMA SOON PASSED AWAY, AN' I WUZ ON MY OWN AGAIN. BUT I REMEMBERED ALL SHED TAUGHT ME! TO THIS DAY, I CAN STILL TERRIFY MY ENEMIES BY CUTTING LOOSE WITH THE FULL-THROATED ROAR OF THE BULL RAT..."

GREEP! GREEP!!

SPINE TINGLIN', HUH?



NATURALLY, THIS WAS BEFORE I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE GIANT TENTACLED SPACE-MONSTER THAT LIVES IN THE SEWERS... IT'S TRAGICALLY IRONIC, AINT IT? ME, AN OUTCAST FROM SOCIETY.. THE ONLY PERSON STANDING BETWEEN MANKIND AND AN INVASION O' THINGS FROM ANOTHER WORLD...

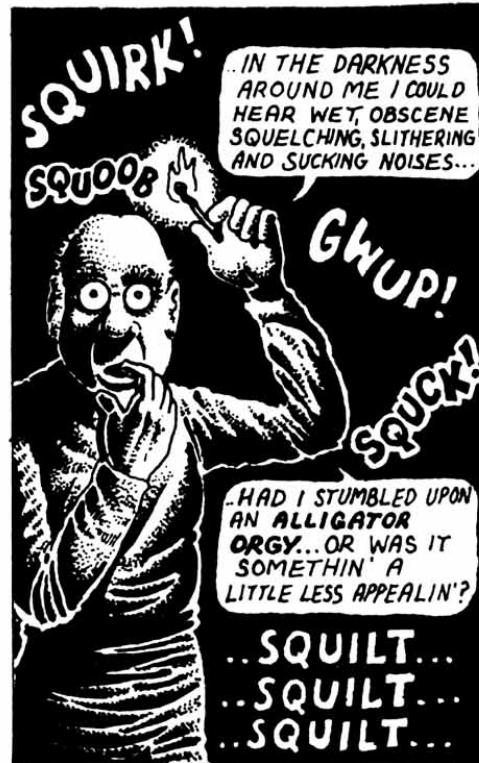
"BUT DON'T SHED NO TEARS FOR ME MISTER... I GUESS SOME GUYS ARE JUST BORN TA BE UNSUNG HEROES..."



HAW HAW HAW! THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE MOST RIDICULOUS STORY I EVER HEARD! NO WONDER YER OLD MAN STUFFED YA DOWN THE CRAPPER!! HAW HAW HAW!!



© 80 BY THE CURT VILE ESTATE. TO BE CONTINUED...



**ROScoe MOSCOW IN:
WHO KILLED ROCK 'N ROLL?
EPISODE 47: "MEANWHILES!"**

...IN WHICH MAXINE CONFIDES
IN A CHUM OVER TEA
AND CREAMCAKES...

GEE, CHERYL, YOU WERE RIGHT!
THIS NEW HAIR-DO HAS MADE
ME FORGET ALL ABOUT MY
DESERTION, PREGNANCY, AND
IMPENDING MENTAL BREAKDOWN!



MEANWHILE...

WELL, ZOLTAN, YOU OLD DEVIL...
YOU CERTAINLY SEEM TO HAVE
DONE A GOOD JOB SHAKING THAT
MOSCOW BROAD OFF YOUR TAIL...

HMM.. BUT WHAT IF HER HUSBAND
RETURNS AND STARTS
SLINGING ACCUSATIONS? THAT
COULD QUEER ME WITH THE A.M.A!
PROBLEMS.. NOTHING BUT PROBLEMS!!

KNOCK
KNOCK

THE DOOR? DAMMIT,
WHO COULD THAT BE?



MEANWHILE...

VICTOR? ROTWANG? WH-WHAT
ARE YOU DOING HERE??

Z. VON ZYGOTE M.D.

OH, Y'KNOW, ZOLTAN..
WE JUST THOUGHT
WE'D DROP BY...
HELP YOU OUT IN
THESE DIFFICULT
TIMES! HEE HEE HEE!



AFTER ALL, ZOLTAN, WHAT
ARE BROTHERS FOR??
NYAH HAH HA HA HA!

MEANWHILE...

WELL, AMBROSE, MY SCALY
SERVANT. IT SEEMS THE GAME
IS IN IT'S FINAL MOVES!!
AND THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT
HAVE POSED A THREAT TO OUR
SCHEMES IS QUITE LITERALLY
IN THE SHIT! IRONIC, EH?

..I SAID "IRONIC, EH?"
..OH, GO AND MAKE ME A
CUP OF COCOA, YOU OAF!!

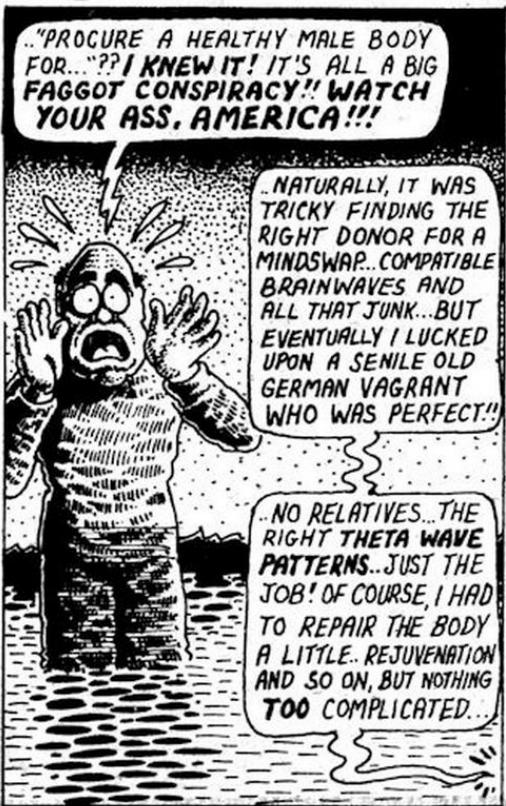
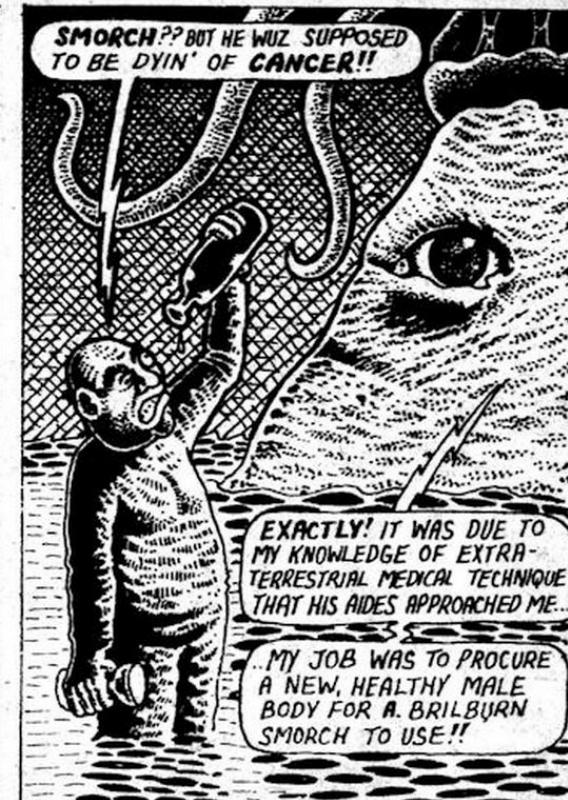


MR. MOSCOW! HOW NICE OF
YOU TO DROP IN! SORRY
THE PLACE IS IN SUCH A
FRIGHTFUL MESS...PULL UP
A STOOL AND SIT DOWN!

A STOOL? IS THIS
GUY TELLING ME
TOILET JOKES??



TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 CURT VILE





I CREEP STEALTHILY
THROUGH THE MAZE O'
CORRIDORS... I HAD A
DATE WITH A KILLER!



FINALLY I REACHED A
MASSIVE DOORWAY. VOICES
CAME FROM BEHIND IT..
I PAUSED. WAS I FULLY
PREPARED FOR THIS??



SURE I WUZ! I HAD
MY HEATER, I HAD
MY STEEL-TRAP MIND
AND MY SENSE OF
FAIR PLAY! WHAT ELSE
DID A GUY NEED??



OKAY, YA TURDS!
I'M COMIN' IN!!!

WELCOME TO THE
PARTY, MR. MOSCOW...

DID YOU REMEMBER
THE PETITS FOURLS?

ROScoe MOSCOW IN:
'WHO KILLED ROCK-N-ROLL?'
EPISODE 51:
"IT'S MY PARTY..."

ROSCOE MOSCOW IN: "WHO KILLED "ROCK" ROLL?"

**TUPENNY
RUSH!!**

EPISODE
FIFTY -
TWO

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

SCOPE



"IT WUZ LIKE A BAD DREAM! I MUSTA RUN FOR MILES
THROUGH THE TWISTING GUTS O' THE GLOVES SECRET
UNDERGROUND LAIR... TILL AT LAST I REACHED A DOOR...

"IT HAD TA BE THE EXIT... I COULDN'T
GO NO FURTHER! I OPENED IT. IT SQUEAKED.
I STEPPED THROUGH... THEN I SQUEAKED..."

I ALMOST HAD IT FIGGERED OUT! BY MEANS O' SOME KINDA CONSPIRACY THE HEADS OF ALL NATIONS HAD PULLED TOGETHER TO GREASE ROCK 'N ROLL! BUT HOW? AND WHY? HOW DID A BRIBURN SMORCH TIE IN WITH THIS? OR THE SIVANA BROS? WHADDABOUT THE ARMADILLO? HOW DO I MANAGE TO TALK WITH MY TEETH CLENCHED TOGETHER? WHO PUT THE RAM IN THE RAMA-LAMA-DING-DONG???

QUIET, MR. MOSCOW... THE FILM IS ABOUT TO START!



METRO-GOLDWYN-GLOVES PROUDLY PRESENTS WHO KILLED ROCK 'N ROLL? STARRING: ROSCOE MOSCOW EPISODE FIFTY-THREE: WORKING FOR THE CLAMPDOWN!!! SCREENPLAY BY CURT VILE © 1980



"OUR AIM WAS TO DEMORALISE THE REBELLIOUS FORCES OF YOUTH. WE SOON DISCOVERED IT WAS EASIER TO BUY ROCKSTARS THAN ELIMINATE THEM. AFTER ALL, WHAT COULD BE MORE DISCOURAGING THAN THE SIGHT OF A ONCE-RESPECTED FIGUREHEAD OF THE REVOLUTION, CORRUPTED BY WEALTH AND FAME?"



"THE FEW WHO RESISTED BOTH TEMPTATION AND THREATS WERE EVENTUALLY CRUSHED BY SHEER WEIGHT OF CIRCUMSTANCE. MANY WERE FORCED INTO SELF-IMPOSED EXILE WHERE THEY WOULD LIVE OUT THEIR DAYS QUIETLY AND INEFFECTUALLY."



"AS TIME WENT ON, OUR METHODS BECAME MORE AND MORE SOPHISTICATED.. THE ELECTRIFIED BATHTUB (PARIS '71).. THE SODIUM MORPHATE-LACED CHEESEBURGER (MEMPHIS '77) OR, IN THE CASE OF JIMI HENDRIX, AN INGENIOUS SLOW POISON, COATING HIS GUITAR STRINGS..."



"IN THE MID-SEVENTIES, HOWEVER, WE BEGAN TO HAVE TROUBLE!! FOR SOME REASON, YOUTH FOUGHT BACK!! THERE WAS A MASSIVE RESURGENCE OF GODLESS ANARCHY, HATRED OF AUTHORITY AND ALL THE OTHER EVILS WE THOUGHT WE'D ERADICATED..."



H! THE SINISTER GLOVES HERE, TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE KILLING OF ROCK 'N ROLL!! THE PROJECT WAS UNDERWAY LONG BEFORE I BECAME INVOLVED....

"IN FACT, IT STARTED AS FAR BACK AS FEBRUARY 2nd 1959. HERE WE SEE TWO EMPLOYEES OF WHAT WAS THEN CALLED "THE STAMP OUT COON JUNGLE RYTHMS CAMPAIGN" ATTACHING A BOMB TO A CERTAIN PLANE AT MASON CITY AIRPORT, BOUND FOR FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA...."



...AND IT REALLY DON'T MATTER ANY MORE... ■

"'59 AND '60 WERE VINTAGE YEARS. WE GOT BILLIE HOLIDAY IN JUNE '59 WITH A HOT SHOT. THE NEXT YEAR, IN APRIL, EDDIE COCHRAN HAD AN UNFORTUNATE MOTORIZING 'ACCIDENT'.. SADLY, GENE VINCENT GOT OUT ALIVE.. FOR A WHILE!!



"THE MURDER AND REPLACEMENT OF PAUL MC CARTNEY WAS OUR FINEST DOUBLE BLUFF!! BY LEAVING BLATANT CLUES EVERYWHERE WE MADE IT APPEAR AS IF THE WHOLE THING WERE A PIECE OF FANCIFUL PARANOIA, BELIEVED ONLY BY THE CREDULOUS AND THE TERMINALLY DEMENTED...."



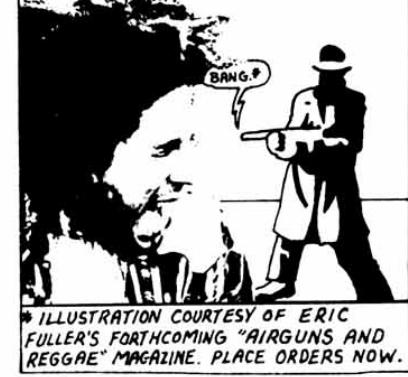
"INSANITY OFTEN PROVED A USEFUL TOOL. HERE WE SEE A LEADING 'PSYCHE-DELIC VISIONARY OF THE MID-SIXTIES BEING GIVEN A SUBSTANCE HE BELIEVED TO BE L.S.D... IT WAS IN FACT ENTROPINE, AN EXPERIMENTAL HALLUCINOGEN THAT CAUSES "BUMMERS" OF FIFTEEN YEARS DURATION. HE WAS NO MORE TROUBLE..."



"AN, LIKE "APPLE" REALLY STANDS FOR "ALLEN (KLEIN) POISONED PAUL, LIKEWISE EPSTEIN. (BRIAN.)"



"SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, WE COULD AFFORD TO BE OPEN IN OUR MURDER ATTEMPTS. IN JAMAICA, FOR EXAMPLE, IT WAS EASY TO USE EXISTING POLITICAL TENSION TO EXPLAIN AWAY OUR ACTIVITIES..."

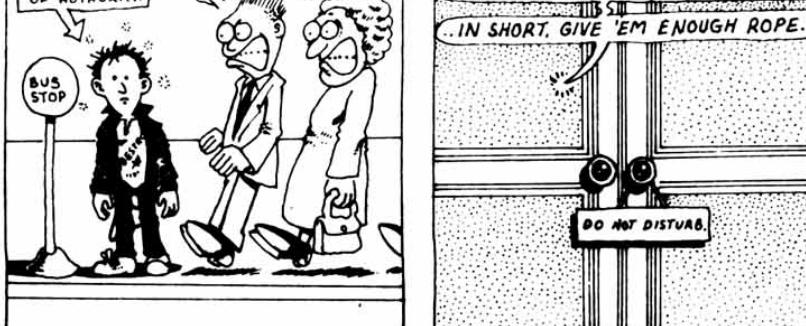


* ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF ERIC FULLER'S FORTHCOMING "AIRGUNS AND REGGAE" MAGAZINE. PLACE ORDERS NOW.

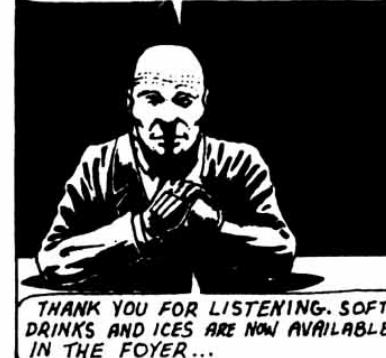
"IT WAS THEN THAT I, THE SINISTER GLOVES TOOK OVER AS DIRECTOR OF CLANDESTINE OPERATIONS..."



"THE SOLUTION IS OBVIOUS, GENTLEMEN. GIVE THEM ALL FAT CONTRACTS WITH THE MAJOR LABELS AND WITHIN FIVE YEARS "PUNK ROCK" WILL BE A PITIFUL MEMORY..."



"NATURALLY, THERE ARE STILL ONE OR TWO 'RUGGED IDEALISTS WHO CONTINUE TO POSE PROBLEMS FOR US... BUT WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE!! WE KNOW WHERE THEY LIVE!! ROCK AND ROLL IS COUGHING BLOOD... BY THE MID 1980'S IT WILL BE A PUTRESCENT CORPSE!!



THANK YOU FOR LISTENING. SOFT DRINKS AND ICES ARE NOW AVAILABLE IN THE FOYER...

"MY MIND WUZ REELIN'!! NOW I KNEW HOW ROCK 'N ROLL HAD BIN OFFED. BUT NOT WHY! WHAT WUZ THE 'MOTIVE? WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE WORTH OVER THIRTY YEARS OF INTRICATE PLOTTIN' AN' INTRIGUE?? I MEAN, LEAVE US FACE IT, BUDDY..."



"STATE of the NATION"

IN EPISODE 54 OF
"WHO KILLED
"ROCK" N' ROLL?"

ROSS OF MOSCOW

IT MADE PARANOIDS LOOK LIKE COCK-EYED OPTIMISTS! THE COMBINED GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD HAD COMBINED UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE SINISTER GLOVES TO WIPE OUT ROCK 'N' ROLL. THE ONLY QUESTION REMAINING WAS...WHUFOH??

...WHICH REMINDS ME...
HOW'S YA MOM, ED ???



*NO OFFENCE IS INTENDED TO ANY READER WHO MAY ACTUALLY BE SUFFERING FROM THIS UNPLEASANT OPTICAL DEFECT. —THE AUTHOR.

THE REASON WHY SHOULD BE OBVIOUS, MR. MOSCOW... PERHAPS IT IS BEST EXPLAINED IN CONTEXT OF OUR OTHER OPERATIONS. THOSE CURRENTLY UNDERWAY IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR EXAMPLE



OVER THE YEARS, WE HAVE SLOWLY TIGHTENED THE SCREWS ON THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN. LIKE THE ARTIFICIAL ECONOMIC CRISIS AND Crippling INFLATION WHICH HAS RENDERED MANY OF THEM DESTITUTE...



.. WHILE THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROGRAMME HAS THROWN MILLIONS UPON THE MERCY OF THE SOCIAL SECURITY SYSTEM, WHOSE PRIME FUNCTION IS TO FURTHER DEGRADE AND HUMILIATE THE POOR BASTARDS...

I'M SORRY, BUT BEFORE YOU ARE ELIGIBLE FOR RELIEF APPLICATION FORM RQ-475B YOU MUST SING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BACKWARDS WITH A MOUTH FULL OF STALE CIGARETTE BUTTS. NEXT!!



NATURALLY, ANOTHER FUNCTION OF MASS UNEMPLOYMENT IS TO FORCE THE TRADE UNIONS INTO MILITANT STRIKE ACTION, WHICH SERVES TO INCREASE THE MISERY OF THE MASSES...

IT'S SO DARK AND COLD.
IF ONLY THE POWER-WORKERS WEREN'T ON STRIKE...

THE POWER WORKERS

THANK CHRIST FOR THAT!! I THOUGHT IT WAS THE SUN!!

WHY.. THE IDEA OF A WORLD-WIDE POLICE STATE BY THE MID NINETEEN EIGHTIES, OF COURSE!!

WE WANT A REVOLUTION, MR. MOSCOW. THAT'S WHY WE'VE BEEN 'TRAINING' TROOPS IN AREAS WHICH CLOSELY RESEMBLE URBAN HOME TERRITORY. AREAS LIKE NORTHERN IRELAND, FOR EXAMPLE...

AT THE FIRST OUTBREAK OF TROUBLE WE INTRODUCE MARTIAL LAW AND BRING IN THE ARMY TO QUELL THE DISTURBANCES...FOR GOOD!!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, MR. MOSCOW?

HOW DO I LIKE WHAT?
—I INTERROGATED SHARPLY.



TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 CURT VILE. (THE PERVERSE PAL)

ADDED TO THIS, THE POLICE FORCE, WORKING IN COLLABORATION WITH EXTREME RIGHT-WING GROUPS, HAVE SLOWLY BROUGHT RACIAL TENSIONS TO A FEVER PITCH.



MEANWHILE, SKILLFUL USE OF THE MEDIA HAS MADE THE RELEASE OF SEXUAL RELATIONS INTO AN AREA FRAUGHT WITH SHAME, GUILT AND FEAR OF INADEQUACY...



THE ONLY OTHER FORM OF ESCAPE FROM MISERY AND Tedium WHICH THE HAPLESS TURDS HAVE RECORSE TO IS ROCK 'N' ROLL... AND NOW, ROCK 'N' ROLL IS DEAD!!



AT THE FIRST OUTBREAK OF TROUBLE WE INTRODUCE MARTIAL LAW AND BRING IN THE ARMY TO QUELL THE DISTURBANCES...FOR GOOD!!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, MR. MOSCOW?

HOW DO I LIKE WHAT?
—I INTERROGATED SHARPLY.

QUIET SORT OF NIGHT,
EH, GEORGE?

OTHER HUMAN RELEASES, SUCH AS THE USE OF ALCOHOL OR DRUGS, HAVE GRADUALLY BEEN LIFTED OUT OF THE FINANCIAL REACH OF THE MAJORITY...

ROSCOE MOSCOW

INSIGHTFUL COMMENTS ON
THE HUMAN CONDITION:
NUMBER 1:

"WATER? DO I NEED IT?
I'VE HAD TO SHOOT MY
HORSE!"

- CLARK GABLE.

"A WORLDWIDE POLICE STATE BY
1985!! THE IDEA WUZ ONLY SLIGHTLY
MORE UPSETTIN' THAN A LARGE
TARANTULA IN THA BIDET...."

"WHAT I COULDN'T FIGGER WUZ HOW
SMORCH HAD MANAGED IT! I MEAN, AS
A MASTER CRIMINAL HE MADE A
PEACHY HATSTAND! WHAT GAVE?"



"IT WUZ A PROBLEM...IT TURNED OVER IN
MY MIND LIKE A HERNIA BELT IN A
TUMBLE DRYER. SUDDENLY, SMORCH BEGAN
MAKIN' MOUTH MUSIC..."

"HOW TRAGIC THAT WE SHOULD BE ENEMIES,
MR. MOSCOW, WHEN IN HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES
WE MIGHT HAVE MET AS FRIENDS....
SHARED A SIX-PACK TOGETHER WHILE
WATCHING THE WORLD SERIES...LOANED EACH
OTHER POWER-MOWERS...BUT ALAS, FATE
IS CRUEL! THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WATH US..."



"THIS WUZ A NEW TWIST! MY EYES
NARROWED TO RAZOR SLITS..."

"THAT AN' A DIME WILL BUY ME A
CUPPA COFFEE, BUDDY BOY!"
I GROWLED. "WHATTAYA TRYIN'
TO SUGGEST???"



EPISODE
55:

"THE
SELLING OF
ROSCOE
MOSCOW!"

"WUZ A PROBLEM" ROSCOE MOSCOW

"THE DRAFT-CARD BURNING NANCY-BOYS! THE
AFRO-SPORTING DARKIES SELLING REEFERS
TO OUR SONS AND JAZZING OUR DAUGHTERS!
SLICK KIKE LAWYERS PLEADING "BROKEN
HOME" FOR EVERY PIMPLY-FACED MOTOR-
CYCLE HOODLUM WHO EVER SWIPED A
HUBCAP!!

GODDAMMIT, THAT'S RIGHT! AND DON'T
FERGET THE PUERTO RICANS..THEY
COOK THEIR GARBAGE, YOU KNOW THAT?
AN' PUSHY WIMMENS LIBBER TYPES
WITH ALL THIS CLITORIS JUNK AN'
YEAST INFECTIONS AN' ALL A THAT
SHIT! TURNS YA STUMICK!!



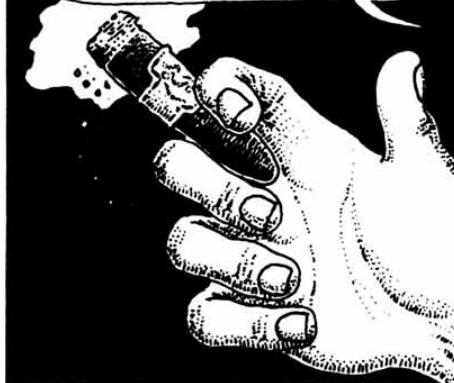
"WELL SAID, MR. MOSCOW. WERE
ON THE SAME SIDE AFTER ALL!!
A MAN LIKE YOU DIDN'T FIGHT
IN WORLD WAR II SO SOME
JERK-OFF SOCIOLOGY STUDENT
COULD HAVE THE FREEDOM TO
PISS ON THE FLAG!!



"...AND WHAT SORT OF JOB DOES THE WORLD
OFFER A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS? A POSITION
IN A CANNING FACTORY? PSHAW!!

AND THEN THERE'S WOMEN...BE FRANK, MR.
MOSCOW...WOMEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID
OF YOUR RAMPANT MALENESS! YOUR SEXUALITY!

UH.YEAH. YEAH!! THAT MUST BE WHY
THEY'RE ALLUS LAUGHIN' AT ME...
THEY JUST DUNNO HOW TA HANDLE
A REAL, RED-BLOODED MAN!!



WHEREAS WORKING WITH ME
YOU'D HAVE THE CHANCE TO MEET
REAL WOMEN...WOMEN WHO
KNOW WHAT A MAN LIKE YOU NEEDS...

...LIKE, SAY, MECHANO HERE...



"I THOUGHT ABOUT IT FER MAYBE
A SECOND ANNA HALF...IT WUZ THE
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! AN' WHY
SHOULDN'T I? EVERYBODY ELSE WUZ
GETTIN' THEIR PIECE O' THE PIE...
I FIGGERED I WUZ WAY OVERDUE
FER MY SLICE..."

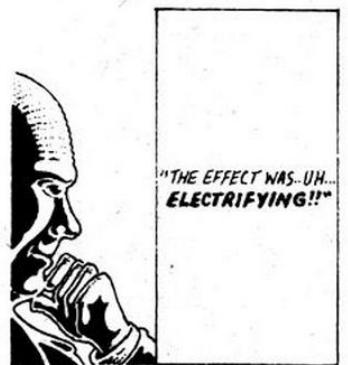
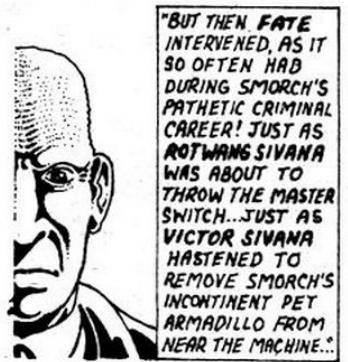
OKAY, SMORCH...I'M YER MAN!!
WHAT KINDA PENSION SCHEME
YOU GUYS RUNNIN'???



"SMORCH?? DEAR ME, MR. MOSCOW,
I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE REALIZED
THE TRUTH BY NOW!! YOU SEE...
...I'M NOT A BRIBURN SMORCH!!



TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 CURT VILE.



ROSCOE MOSCOW. "WHO KILLED ROCK'N'ROLL?": 57: "TRIUMPH OF THE WILL!"



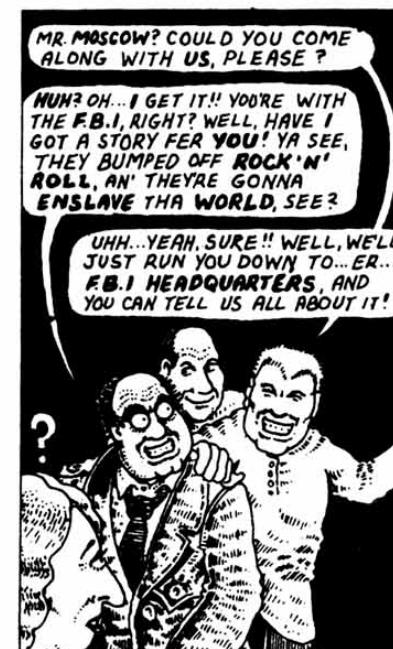
AND WHAT OF MAXINE'S CREEPY CO-PARENT, THE FREAKISH ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE?? WE FIND HIM ENJOYING A FAMILY REUNION WITH HIS LONG-LOST SCREWBALL SIBLINGS, VICTOR AND ROTWANG SIVANA...

AND SO, LIKE, WHEN THE EXPERIMENT WITH THE MAIDSERVANT WENT WRONG AND HER PARENTS MADE A FUSS, I HAD TO CHANGE MY NAME AND FLEE TO AMERICA! HELL, I THOUGHT SHE LOOKED PRETTY STRIKING WITH TWO NOSES....

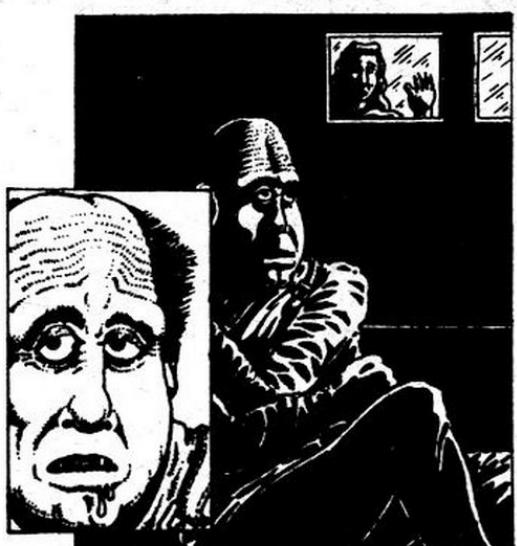
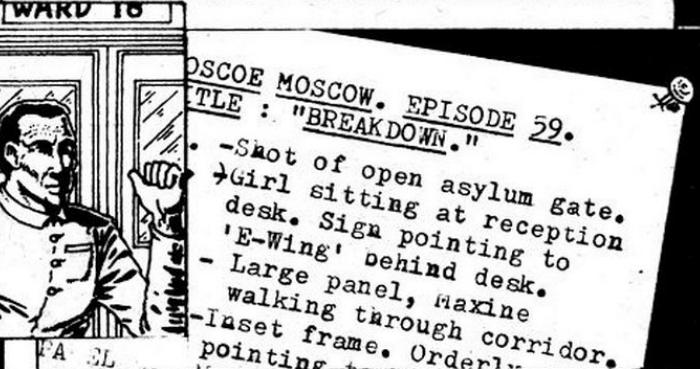


THINGS WOULD LOOK PRETTY ROUGH IF HER HUSBAND FOUND OUT ABOUT HER...AH.. CONDITION AND STARTED MAKING WAVES!! GIGGLE!!





TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 BY CURT VILE.

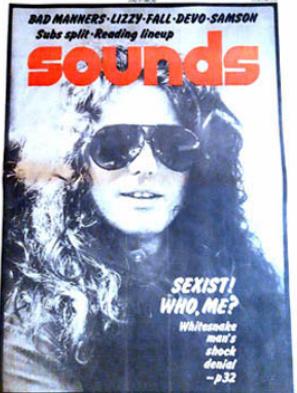


The very last episode (sob!) of the world's most loved/hated comic strip...

EPISODE
60: "LIFE'S IMPROPER NUMBER!"

ROSCOE MOSCOW





AGENT OF MISFORTUNE

IS THERE any intelligent life which reads *Sounds*? I should hope so. Then why insult it? I — like most people, no doubt — enjoy a good joke but after reading a recent 'episode' of

Roscoe Moscow's adventures I wanted to crawl into a corner and vomit! The 'jokes' to which I refer were not only cheap, naive, stupid and ignorant, they were also insulting to anyone with a minimum of intelligence because of their cheapness and because of their blatant mocking prejudice. For those who can't recollect or don't know what I'm talking about I'm referring to jokes about bending over backwards and the like about the "homosexual space-monster".

Firstly, it's insulting because of its cheap datedness and total lack of originality (it's not even funny in other words); secondly it's insulting to lesbians as it assumes they don't exist; thirdly, it's insulting to gay men because of its mockery and its weird ideas of what a gay man is; and fourthly it's insulting to every reader since it assumes that people who read *Sounds* are stupid enough not only to find it funny but supposedly realistic as well!

"Don't take it all so seriously" you may say — I wouldn't, if it weren't so very clear what the general 'line' of *Sounds* is on sexism, feminism, and homosexuality (ie they don't really exist except in the weird imaginations of a small minority). Why don't you take the same attitude to Jews, socialists, the Irish and racial minorities, then you can claim to be truly ignorantly prejudiced!

You could also not print this letter as well to get the set — against freedom of speech too! — Yours disgustedly, Derek Hitchcock.



ROSCOE MOSCOW: a jerk, pure and simple

CURT REPLIES

WHEN IT comes to critical barbs, I'm a boy who's not easily wounded. Believe me, I've got a skin like a rhino as well as the moral sensitivity of one.

Consequently, on the odd occasions when readers have hurled abuse at Roscoe Moscow in the past, I've contented myself with a shrug of my broad shoulders and been able to rationalise it away with something along the lines of, "Well, it's probably Savage Pencil writing in under an assumed name" or, "Some people have just got fucked-up values, I guess." But after Deek Hitchcock's letter (May 3) I'm afraid my much-reckoned cool is unmaintainable.

Okay, the guy's obviously upset. His uncle's just died, so soon after receiving a knighthood, and obviously he wants to take it out on somebody. But ME? Liberal, fun-loving Curt Vile, friend of the earth, devoted parent and animal lover, some of whose best friends are negroes? Can Derek Hitchcock really wish to brand this near-saint as some Anita Bryantist homosexual-lynching anti-semitic neo-fascist monster? Or what?

At the risk of ruining a halfway decent joke by explaining it, perhaps I should point out that Roscoe Moscow is *not* meant to be a very nice character. He's terrified of women, he's terrified of homosexuals, he has a deep and xenophobic loathing of foreigners, he's a card carrying Republican who campaigned for Nixon, he's an alcoholic, sexually inadequate neurotic who can't hold down a job and dresses up like a private eye as part of a pathetic attempt at self-respect. He's a jerk, purely and simply.

And if I *really* wanted to insult the

intelligence of *Sounds'* readership then I'd take the above paragraph and put it in a little disclaimer box at the bottom of the strip every week, just to make absolutely sure that no impressionable adolescent ran away with the idea that I was outlining my own personal philosophy for love, happiness and improved interpersonal relationships by way of the bigoted junk that fills Roscoe Mowcow's word balloons.

Now, in a way, I'm quite genuinely flattered that Derek Hitchcock (or indeed anybody) actually takes the time to read Roscoe Moscow and to consider the moral implications, real or imagined. On the other hand, it's a touch discouraging to be presented with a bunch of arse-backwards conclusions delivered in a more-liberal-than-thou tone of righteous indignation, especially when the only reason I'd ever turned to the letters page was to see if there were any more pictures of people purporting to look like dead celebrities.

Please note that I'm not claiming that Roscoe Moscow is a *good* comic strip, or even a mildly funny one. For my money, Savage Pencil's got the edge any day of the week, and I'll fight anyone who says otherwise. All I'm saying is that Curt Vile likes to think of himself as a friend to *all* the people, irrespective of class, colour, place of worship or whatever the hell they wish to do with their private parts. — Curt Vile.

PS: Are you by any chance in the market for snapshots of a genius Charles Manson clone? I know Charlie's not as fashionable as Sid Vicious these days, but on the other hand, he DID used to take drugs and stab people. Any offers?

ROSCOE MOSCOW

Date	Episode	Title	Page	Date	Episode	Title	Page
31/3/1979	1	The Corpse Wore Leather!!	24	17/11/1979	33	Roscoe Makes Yet Another Faux-Pas; The Fat Slobbering Sh*t-Head	47
7/4/1979	2	The French Correction!!	46	24/11/1979	34	Night Classes!	12
14/4/1979	3	The Big Sheep!!	37	1/12/1979	35	You Need Gloves!	50
21/4/1979	4	The Paranoid Abroad!!	63	8/12/1979	36	Night Fever	44
28/4/1979	5	Enter the Foetal Freudian!	18	15/12/1979	37	The Great Bambi Swindle	38
5/5/1979	6	Lushed for Life!!	63	22/12/1979	NA	Roscoe Moscow Board Game	16
12/5/1979	7	Terror of the Tactless 'Tec!!	48	29/12/1979	NA	NOT FEATURED	
19/5/1979	8	Send in the Clones!!	48	5/1/1980	38	Better Than One	26
26/5/1979	9	...But He Thinks He'd Blow Our Minds!	29	12/1/1980	NA	NOT FEATURED	
2/6/1979	10	I Was On First Name Terms With A Monster From Outer Space!	36	19/1/1980	39	Bondage!	42
9/6/1979	11	Holiday in Berlin (Full Blown)	45	26/1/1980	40	Mrs Moscow's Diary!	39
16/6/1979	12	The Big Bang Theory	47	2/2/1980	41	One Step Beyond!!	36
23/6/1979	13	Horror in Hamburg!!	47	9/2/1980	42	Freaks	42
30/6/1979	14	Moonlight and Munchkins!!	35	16/2/1980	43	Rat Race!	45
7/7/1979	15	A Pulp Adventure	45	23/2/1980	44	Without A Paddle!	70
14/7/1979	16	O-Deed On Life Itself!	43	1/3/1980	45	Turdsville!	39
21/7/1979	17	Ich Bin Ein Hamburger!	46	8/3/1980	46	Tarzan of the Rats!	46
28/7/1979	NA	NOT FEATURED		15/3/1980	47	Just When You Thought It Was Safe To Go Back In The Water...	42
4/8/1979	18	Fry the Krauts on Passion Bridge!!!	55	22/3/1980	NA	NOT FEATURED	
11/8/1979	19	Autobahn	32	29/3/1980	48	Meanwhiles!	30
18/8/1979	20	Farewell My Laundry!	37	5/4/1980	49	Untitled	40
25/8/1979	21	A Dork in the Black Forest!!	55	12/4/1980	50	The Short Goodbye	54
1/9/1979	22	This Train is Bound for Glory...	47	19/4/1980	NA	NOT FEATURED	
8/9/1979	23	Watching the Detective!	50	26/4/1980	51	It's My Party...	30
15/9/1979	24	Growing Up Twisted	39	3/5/1980	52	Tupenny Rush!!	41
22/9/1979	25	Teenage Kicks!	12	10/5/1980	53	Working For The Clampdown!!	44
29/9/1979	26	Ham Fisted Tales!	43	17/5/1980	54	State of the Nation!	25
6/10/1979	27	Who's Who in Roscoe Moscow?	47	24/5/1980	55	The Selling of Roscoe Moscow	20
13/10/1979	28	Untitled??	38	31/5/1980	56	The Last Great Switcheroo!!	51
20/10/1979	29	Showroom Dummies	31	7/6/1980	57	Triumph of the Will!	36
27/10/1979	30	Washing the Detective!!	46	14/6/1980	58	Comin' For To Carry Me Home!	20
3/11/1979	31	Our Senior Supermen...	53	21/6/1980	59	Breakdown	30
10/11/1979	32	The End of Civilisation As We Know It!!!	63	28/6/1980	60	Life's Improper Number!	15